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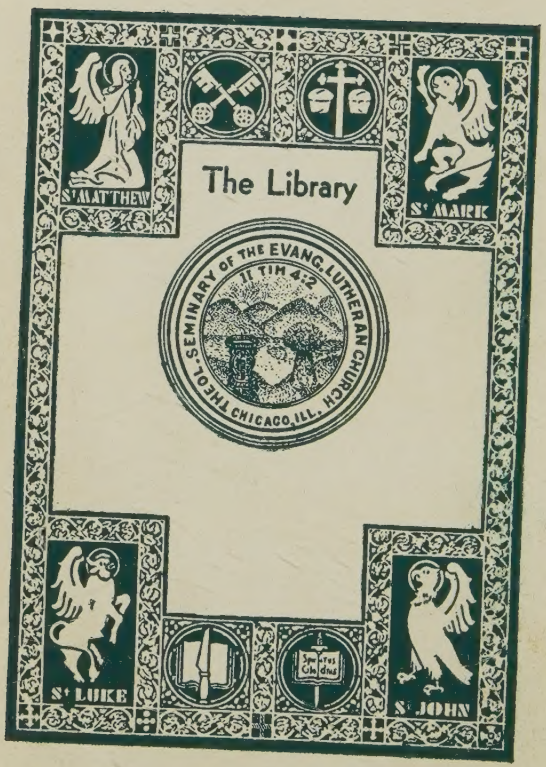
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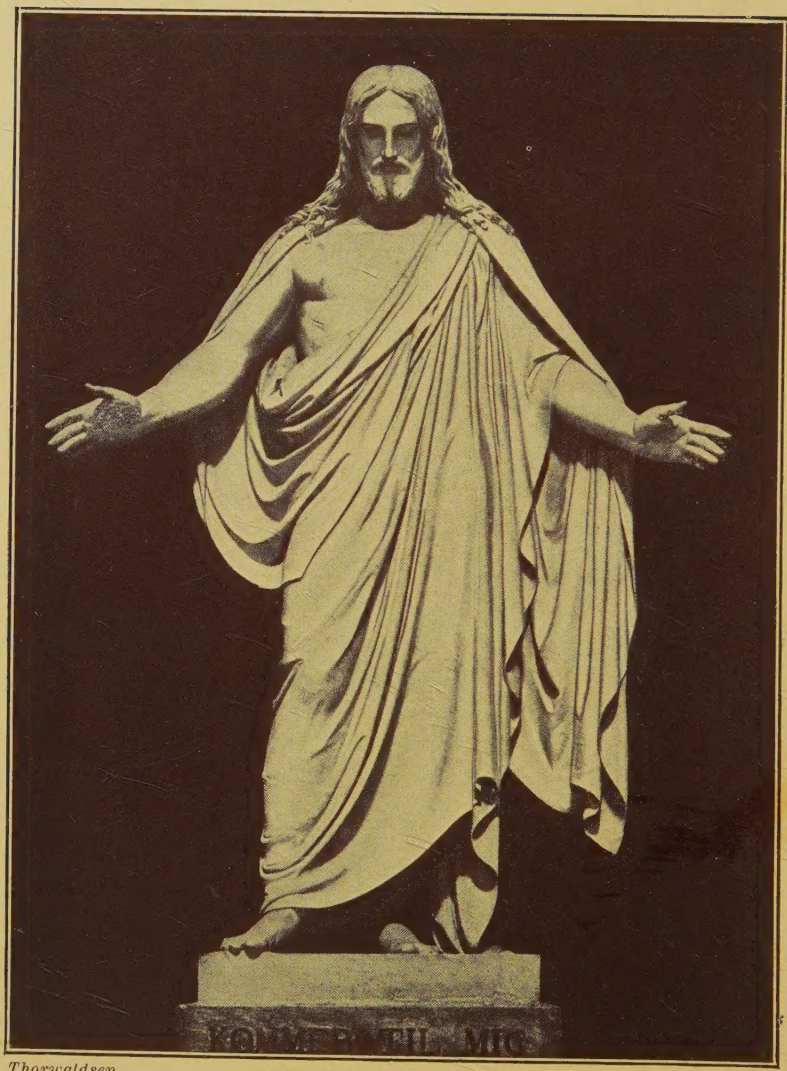

Thorwaldsen

"THE BLESSING CHRIST"

Hope Victoria at the Helm

A Story of a Twentieth Century Church School

By

GEORGE EZRA HUNTLEY, D. D.

Author of "Seeing Straight in the Sunday School"

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They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.—Daniel 12:3.

I

NEW BLOOD FOR AN OLD BODY

DR. GOODSPEED jumped to his feet. "Norway, Sweden and Denmark," he exclaimed, "there's *Hope!*"

His companions also jumped to their feet. That was unusual language for their minister—in fact quite unprecedented. Sometimes, when excited, he would indulge in "O Norway!" and he had even been known to relieve himself by "O, Norway and Sweden!" But never before had his parishioners heard a triple expletive from those lips of culture and restraint. Following his eyes, they looked out of the window and beheld a group of jolly, clean-looking girls, sauntering up the street, racquets in hand, and in the midst of them, altogether unaware of the interest she was creating, Miss Hope Victoria Gladdison.

"Oh," said wealthy Mrs. Roberts, in a voice of obvious disappointment, "I thought you meant hope for our committee."

"And why not?" answered Dr. Goodspeed. "Brothers and sisters, there goes a girl of power, and for her sake and everybody's sake, we ought to recognize it. Why not make *her* superintendent of our Church school?"

Deacon Carrington, ample, bald and jovial, laughed aloud. Mrs. Roberts laughed. Mrs. Lombard laughed.

"Doctor," said the Deacon, "you will have your little joke. But to-day we have very serious business on hand."

"Let's have our laugh, friends," responded the minister, "and then let us see whether what I am proposing *is* really such a joke. I must confess that I never before had thought of Hope Victoria in such a connection. But why may she not be the answer to our problem? This may be an inspiration. Let's think it over."

Objections came thick and fast.

"Why, she's a girl!"

"She's so small!"

"She's so young!"

"She's a poet!"

"You couldn't touch her with a ten-foot pole!"

"She's not a member of the Church!"

"Now listen, friends," said Dr. Goodspeed calmly. "Suppose we wipe from our mental slates the traditional picture of what a Church school superintendent must be—old, solemn, super-dignified, bespectacled, bewhiskered and all that. And let's ask ourselves what it is that we want. It is a person to reorganize and revivify our work along religious educational lines and to lead in the spiritual development of the young—is it not? How do we know but that a young woman of the

right sort might ' fill the bill '? Let's think a little about Hope Gladdison."

The nominating committee of the Good Tidings Church school, assembled on a warm April day in the pastor's study, had before it a most perplexing problem. Superintendent Whitby, having completed his thirty-fifth year of loyal service, had resigned. He had resigned many times before; but, as sharp-tongued Molly Upton said, " he never really intended to accept his own resignation." But this time he meant it. In the good man's voice there was a different note than heretofore and in his eye a different and pathetic expression. He had become convinced at last of something that for years he had been very loath to believe.

" I'm getting along in age," he said. " I'm seventy—a time of life at which, I believe, college presidents give up. Perhaps it should be the same with Church school superintendents. My heart is just as true as ever it was; but I'm old-fashioned and out-of-date. You'd better get some young blood." And Mr. Whitby's best friends knew he spoke the truth.

It is not an easy matter to find a successor for a Church school superintendent of thirty-five years' incumbency. But of this fact the nominating committee was scarcely aware. It began its first meeting with confidence, almost with gaiety, thinking that it had only to consider a few appro-

priate persons, decide upon the most desirable, extend the invitation and announce the choice. But, as the process of elimination continued, the gaiety disappeared. The High School principal? No; he was too closely associated with the children during the week. The physician? No; his many calls would make his attendance very irregular. Mr. Ruggs? No; while his character was good, his voice was poor. Mr. Ringsbee? No; while his voice was good, his character was poor. A gifted lady was named but it was found that she was unable to be away from home at the Church school hour. A man with almost ideal qualifications was discovered, but he was about to move away from the community.

"We were at our wits' end, there at our third meeting," said Mrs. Roberts afterwards, "and Dr. Goodspeed, when Hope Gladdison walked up the road, had sense and faith enough to know that God had sent us our superintendent."

The decision was not made instantaneously. Dr. Goodspeed was not quite certain of the authority of his own inspiration and his associates had to be convinced. But the longer they thought and talked the more inclined were they to believe that this girl, native to their village, might have a great mission in their midst. They all loved her—everybody always *had* loved Hope Victoria. It was hard for them, however, to realize that, al-

though she wore a Phi Beta Kappa key, she was not a little girl still.

"Why," said Deacon Carrington, "it seems only the other day that she was riding pick-a-back!"

"Yes," added motherly Mrs. Lombard, "and that she used to come over and clean my frosting and chocolate dishes!"

One by one the objections disappeared. A girl? Well, many women were highly successful as superintendents. Small? Yes, but athletic, magnetic, dignified, in spite of her jollity. Literary? Certainly; but quite practical, nevertheless. Outside the Church? Already, on her own initiative, she had applied for membership. The committee adjourned for a night's consideration and prayer; but there was little doubt that when they met next day, Hope Gladdison would receive a unanimous and enthusiastic nomination.

"I have a distinct sense of guidance in this matter," said the pastor.

"I think you're right," replied the Deacon.

Hope Victoria Gladdison had been born and brought up in beautiful Bellingham, a typical American village of six thousand inhabitants. Her early ancestors on both sides of the house had been among the founders of Bellingham, and her later ones among the leaders in all that constituted the higher life of the community. She loved the place, its scenery, its traditions, its people. Here in her

own village she had found inspiration for the childish verses she wrote even before she was going to grammar school, and here also she now found inspiration for " those poems of promise and distinction " which at twenty-three she contributed to magazines claiming to be among leaders of current literature. Here her girlhood stories found their heroes; and her present serious attempts at fiction, encouraged by the most careful critics, found place and plot in familiar Bellingham. Always she desired to serve this home of her enthusiasms and inspirations.

There could be no doubt that Hope possessed the happy faculty for usefulness.

" The word that I like to apply to Miss Gladdison," Dr. Ransom, the president of her college once said, " is ' *wholesome,*' using it in the broadest possible sense. The girl is clean and sweet and *whole* —in body and in mind."

" Do you think she is beautiful? " asked Mrs. Ransom.

" Why, yes, comfortably so—comfortably so," replied her husband. " Her features are regular and her complexion is clear; her wavy brown hair is abundant; her eyes are bright and expressive. Yes, probably she is beautiful. But I never thought much about that. That isn't what gives her the friendship of every boy and girl in college. It's personality. Everyone knows that that slip of a girl, weighing less than a hundred pounds, *is*

somebody and is going to be somebody greater than she is now. And then, there's *good-will* radiating from her to every person she meets."

When the nominating committee convened for its fourth meeting, there was no question about the desirability of having Hope Victoria for superintendent; the doubt was in regard to the possibility. Mrs. Lombard still thought that she could not be touched with a ten-foot pole; but the pastor remembered that when the girl had asked for church membership she had specifically said that she should regard herself as enlisting for whatever service she could render.

"Why there she goes now!" exclaimed the Deacon; "that's a coincidence! Call her in."

Hope left the group of youngsters who had been following her, and, almost as if she had been expecting a summons, crossed to the parsonage. There was a merry twinkle in her eye as she entered.

"Miss Gladdison," began the minister, after greetings had been exchanged, "I don't know just how to say what I *have* to say, but we four have a great surprise for you to-day."

"Is that so? Well, it does rather surprise me to hear the man who baptized me call me 'Miss Gladdison,' but I certainly shall be surprised if you have any *other* surprise."

"Well, we want—that is we would like—that is, we thought perhaps—" floundered Dr. Goodspeed.

" Yes, that's what that red-headed boy out there told me and that other freckle-face," Hope broke in with a laugh. " In fact I heard down town this morning that you were going to discuss my fate this afternoon, and that's why I came this way. How is it, Doctor? Thumbs up or thumbs down? " Hope had the jollity of a care-free, healthy American girl, sound in body and clean in mind.

" Do you mean that you have heard about this Church school proposition of ours? " asked the minister. " Why, it's a profound secret. No one outside of this committee has known that we had mentioned your name!"

" Not Mrs. Goodspeed? " asked Hope archly.

" Well, perhaps Mrs. Goodspeed."

" Not Mrs. Carrington or Mr. Roberts or Mr. Lombard? "

" Well, possibly——"

" Well, never mind, dear friends," the girl went on. " I certainly felt honored when I heard that you had me in mind. Freddie Cole has asked me to be superintendent of the Good Tidings Church school and so has little Grace Mallett. I thought I would call and see if your committee would second the invitation."

" The invitation is yours, my dear Hope," said the minister, " and with it a pledge that if you accept you will have our constant prayers and our very best co-operation."

"Thank you all," Hope returned. "I have loved every one of you for twenty-three years, and you make me very happy by giving me your confidence. But I am not certain about your wisdom. What was the first thing you did, Deacon, when it was suggested that I be made superintendent?"

Deacon Carrington looked rather sheepish. "Well," he admitted, "I guess I laughed a little."

"I guess you did, and I guess Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Lombard did. And that is just what I did this morning. I laughed until my sides ached. Hope Gladdison, standing in the place of dear Father Whitby! No wonder we all laughed! But I've finished making fun about it." Hope went on seriously. "You're conferring on me a *big* honor and you're offering me a *big* opportunity; and whether I accept or not, I want you to know I receive both with a big appreciation. I suppose, Doctor, that the usefulness of a good superintendent may be almost as great as that of a minister, may it not?"

"Sometimes I think, not almost, but *quite*," replied Dr. Goodspeed with deep feeling.

"That is the side of the matter that seemed to strike Father and Mother this noon," said Hope. "Neither of them laughed. You know, of course, that had my brother Phil lived he was going to be a minister."

"A wonderful boy, that was," answered the Doctor.

"Of course you do not expect me to give my answer to-day," Hope continued. "There are a good many things to be considered. First, I must read your Church school constitution and see just what the organization is, what the superintendent must do, and what fellow-workers he has. Do you happen to have a copy of the constitution here?"

The pastor rubbed his chin in embarrassment. The Deacon cleared his throat.

"A constitution?" exclaimed Mrs. Lombard. "Do Church schools have constitutions? Why I never heard of such things!"

"Nor I," said Mrs. Roberts, "though it might be worth while."

"Hope," said the minister, "there *isn't* any constitution. Our organization has been pretty loose. We've rather drifted along. But if our new superintendent thinks we ought to frame and adopt a constitution, I am quite sure that we are entirely ready to do so, and will be grateful to have her prepare it."

"Well," commented Hope, "it does seem queer, after the courses I have taken in parliamentary law, to think of any institution trying to do business without some set of rules for guidance and procedure. A constitution seems something like a backbone to me. Don't you think that a Church school had much better pattern itself after a human being than after a jelly-fish?"

"We'll have a constitution," announced the com-

mittee unanimously. And, later, they kept their word.

"Now about this invitation," Hope went on gravely. "With all respect for you four dear friends, I feel that both the nomination and the pledge of support ought to come from a good many more people than yourselves. I should like a thorough understanding. Grandmother used to say that when people were going to get married they had better make their bargains before the ceremony; and I presume that the same is true with other partnerships. If I am to be superintendent, I want to be called by *Father Whitby*, by the other officers of the school, by the teachers and their classes, and particularly by the Board of Trustees of the Church of Good Tidings. I don't mean anything dreadfully formal," the girl hastened to explain. "But I *do* want some assurance that all these people agree in the matter of my appointment and that they will stand by me in my work."

"That's right," said Deacon Carrington, who had some gift of epigram, "an ounce of preparation is better than a pound of reparation."

"I've been thinking about the present superintendent. There is another question to consider," said Hope. "If we're not careful, it will break his heart, in spite of his resignation, to have his job taken over by one of his little girls. Probably he still thinks of me as a kindergarten child. We must retain Mr. Whitby's interest and give him

work to do, so that he will not feel that he is cast aside and forgotten like an old garment. Why not make him *superintendent-emeritus?* We hear of pastors-emeritus and editors-emeritus and presidents-emeritus. Why not have a *superintendent*-emeritus? "

" Just the idea!" said the pastor.

" I'd like to have two of you go with me to call on Father Whitby," continued the girl. " Let us talk to him so frankly that there never will be any heart-burnings by and by. Let us see if this grand old Elijah, mantle in hand, will acknowledge me as his Elisha.

" As for the other members of the school, I would be glad to have you talk around in an informal way and see how they feel. Do not announce that I have accepted the superintendency. Say that I am considering it and let them understand that I need the assurance of their approval and assistance.

" As a matter of fact, I have *not* accepted and cannot accept until I have had a conference with the trustees of the church. Just what is the present relationship of the church and the Church school? "

" Rather shadowy; very shadowy," said the pastor; " in fact, I hardly think there *is* any relationship."

" Would the trustees meet me? "

" Without a doubt; they are men of right intentions, but they never have thought of the Church

school as one of their responsibilities." The meeting with the church trustees, a company of mystified saints, was held that same week.

" What are they trying to mix up the church and the Church school for? " asked Trustee Wallingford. " Haven't things been running all right according to the old arrangements? "

He was a man naturally fond of " old arrangements "; but he liked Hope Victoria and he was at the conference. So were all his colleagues, together with the members of the nominating committee.

Dr. Hubbell, physician of the Gladdison family for thirty years, was chairman of the Board of Trustees.

" This young lady has something to say to us," he began. " I heard her voice quite a number of years ago, before any of you did, and I've been her firm friend ever since. Whatever it is that she wants, I'm on her side."

" Yes," said Hope, " I *have* something to say and I trust that *you* will have something to say. I have been asked to become superintendent of the Good Tidings Church school; but I don't feel that I can accept unless the trustees ask me."

" Well, we'll ask you right away," said Dr. Hubbell, while the others murmured quick consent.

" Oh, but what does that imply? " asked Hope. " What *right* have you to ask me? What is the relationship between the Board of Trustees and the

Church school? Is it *your* school? Do you think of the Church school *of* the church or the Church school *and* the church? Probably there will be a new constitution adopted by the school, and my impression is that one of the first and most important articles will be on 'Allegiance' and it will be stated very clearly that the Church school is the auxiliary of the church. The children ought to be trained in that idea and, if you will permit me to say it, the adults ought to be trained in that idea. Surely the church can have no more beautiful privilege and no more sacred responsibility than that of preparing the men and women of to-morrow to be happy and honest and true and generous,—to be Christian. If I accept this office, I want to feel that I am your servant, your agent, that you are watching me, praying for me, helping me."

"This is all new," said Dr. Hubbell, "but it sounds pretty sensible to me."

"I should want to make reports to you," Hope continued, "and I should expect your suggestions and criticisms. I should need your support, financial, very likely, but moral anyway. I should hope to have you members of the school if that were possible, perhaps teachers or officers. At any rate I should want it evident to everyone that your interest was constant and strong."

"Count on me," said Lawyer Evans. "I haven't been in Church school in five years, but I'll be there next Sunday."

" I'm with you," exclaimed Roger Allison, the youngest trustee.

It appeared that they were *all* with her, eager to be shown their duty, earnestly determined to do it.

" This is a great day for our Church school," said Deacon Carrington.

" And for our whole church," added the minister.

Two weeks later a very unusual event took place at the Church of Good Tidings—" a banquet in honor of William M. Whitby, who, after serving thirty-five years as Church school superintendent was about to become superintendent-emeritus." Never before had the dining hall been so crowded, for, not only the grown people, but the younger children were invited. All belonged to " Father " Whitby. Food was abundant and the spirit of good-will was everywhere. There were some speeches by people representing the seven semi-decades of Mr. Whitby's superintendency. Then the pastor presented the old veteran with a gold-headed cane, introducing the old joke about reluctance to " cane " a good man, a joke always new in new circumstances, and voicing a tender appreciation of the faithfulness and efficiency of this loyal servant of Jesus Christ. Mr. Whitby responded, introducing the other old joke about receiving a needed new " head," a joke freshened by a fresh situation, and with moist eyes thanked " everybody for everything." Then he called to Hope Gladdison, who, though she had quietly sug-

gested the whole testimonial, had kept herself in the background.

"There is another person who ought to stand here to-night," he said. "I am a symbol of yesterday, but she is a symbol of to-morrow. I give my blessing to the new superintendent, and I ask you all to show your appreciation of what I have tried to do by giving your very best support to this fair daughter of Bellingham, Hope Victoria Gladdison."

Then there was cheering for the superintendent-emeritus and cheering for the superintendent-to-be, and class calls and singing of old hymns. In closing they sang, "Forward, be Our Watchword," and with smiles and happy hearts the people of the Church of Good Tidings went out—loyal to the old and loyal to the new.

II

A MUTUAL INSTALLATION

DR. GOODSPEED, in the midst of his joy, felt occasionally a very uncomfortable sinking of the heart. His great worry about Hope Gladdison, which was not his alone, began even before the glorious day of her installation as superintendent of the Bellingham Church school. It was not a worry in regard to her character—the more he thought about her the more he was assured that, with all her gaiety, the girl was fine and true. It was not a worry in regard to her ability—her fitness for her task became manifest every day. It was not a worry in regard to her devotion—she was the very incarnation of enthusiasm and energy. The worry, lurking and increasing in the minds of the pastor and his associates, was in regard to her *location.* Alas that so often we humans lose half the joy of possession by the haunting fear of loss!

It was Mrs. Carrington who first developed the suspicion that the frequent visits of the *Torch-Light* editor were not entirely due to literary concerns. Arnold Glendale, world-renowned man of letters, spent a good many week-ends in Bellingham, some of them at the beautiful Inn, but most

of them at the home of the Gladdison family. That he came to discuss poems and stories with Hope was accepted at first as sufficient explanation; but the Deacon's wife had a tendency "to look into matters."

When she voiced her thoughts, her husband laughed.

"Why, he's old enough to be her father!" he exclaimed.

"Well, girls are sometimes courted by men old enough to be their grandfathers! Ora Carrington, you ought to learn to put two and two together!"

"But, Harriet, you're trying to put twenty-three and forty-six together. No, Hope is as heart-free as she is heart-pure."

Nevertheless the Deacon was not greatly pleased to see the distinguished visitor enter the church the next day in company with Mr. Gladdison.

"He *is* an attractive chap," he thought. "Perhaps Harriet is not a thousand miles out of the way. That friendly smile of his is a winner. And the iron-grey hair and ruddy face do make him look handsome."

The deacon talked to the pastor and the deacon's wife talked to the pastor's wife, and before long the great misgiving was parish-wide in its scope.

"He's *old* for her," Deacon Carrington said to Mrs. Roberts; "but then, you know some youthful 'clinging vines' do choose quite ancient 'sturdy oaks.'"

Could they expect long to retain Hope as a resident of Bellingham and as the superintendent of their Church school?

In spite of the great worry, however, all were looking forward eagerly to the time when their new era in religious education should commence. Soon after the banquet in honor of Father Whitby, the minister met Hope upon the street.

"Well, young lady," he said, "when are you going to start?"

"That depends," she replied. "When are you going to start me?"

"Start you?" he asked in surprise. "What new idea is this? What do you want me to do? I really supposed, Hope, that you were a self-starter."

"You know, Doctor," she answered, "that in many of the best Church schools *installation* services are held once a year, the officers and teachers, whether old or new, being given right ideas and right ideals with which to begin. I really feel as though I'd like to have you talk to me and pray for me right before folks; and as though I'd like to have you make me promise something."

Dr. Goodspeed's eye lighted. "I confess that I never heard of such a thing, Hope," he exclaimed, "but I seem to see possibilities in the plan. If you want to be installed, you shall be installed. Let's think about it for a day or so."

"All right, Doctor," she agreed, "I'm pretty

sure the idea is good; for Mr. Glendale told me that he had seen it carried out very successfully."

Mr. Glendale again! The minister's face fell.

"Ah, yes," he said without enthusiasm.

Dr. Goodspeed, as he walked out the country road for his next call, wondered if a satisfactory installation service could not be planned without relying very much upon the advice of the editor from the city, wondered if they could not have one even better than those that Mr. Glendale had seen. Thoughts came rushing into his mind, delightful in their novelty. Music! Decorations! Ceremonies! Later he found that others in the parish were ready to be kindled for the project. Roger Allison contributed the idea of having the installation in the church auditorium and at the time of the morning service. Dr. Hubbell said that the trustees would spend some money if necessary. Lawyer Evans wanted an orchestra.

When all these suggestions were presented to Hope, she felt that there was grave danger of overdoing a good thing.

"I am very thankful," she said, "but really I prefer something simple, at least for this first year. We mustn't have the opening event so grand that all the rest of our work will seem an anti-climax. And, for the sake of the former workers, we mustn't have it appear that we are too glad of a change."

So the installation was planned with good taste and moderation.

A committee was appointed to study into the whole subject of Church school inductions and arrange for just what would be appropriate in Bellingham. It was learned that a church in Colesburg had had a very successful installation and Mrs. Roberts drove over, taking Mrs. Lombard with her, for consultation with the people who had arranged the program. Just at the right time, a Church School Association in Boston sent a sample of services which it had for lending, and, while Bellingham did not borrow, it did adopt several good ideas suggested. The pastor helped. And Hope herself offered a few plans, some of which, though the committee did not know it, came from the office of the *Torch-Light*.

Though not on the committee, two residents of Bellingham were thoroughly eager about the installation service, as they would have been about anything that promised good to Hope Victoria; for Elizabeth Bell, the beautiful girl with the crutches, and Roger Allison, the stalwart young man of business, were ever her devoted servants. She had been brought up with them both and all three were "good pals," though Elizabeth was penniless and Roger was wealthy beyond anyone else in Bellingham. If the whole truth were known, perhaps Elizabeth and Roger had reasons besides their enthusiasm about the Church school for their desire

to have Hope successful in her superintendency. They knew that such a tie as might be formed would have some weight if she ever were debating an offer to leave her home in Bellingham; and Elizabeth felt that life would be poor with Hope Victoria gone—and Roger quite agreed. This does not mean, however, that Mrs. Carrington was quite correct when she " understood that the young millionaire had proposed to Hope more than twenty times."

It was early apparent that the installation would be, not an affair of the Church school alone, but of the entire church. Dr. Hubbell, as chairman of the Board of Trustees, said that according to the new arrangement, the Church school being an auxiliary body of the parish, the induction should be a public affair and everyone readily agreed with him. The matter of publicity was turned over to Deacon Carrington and he put into it some good thought and good effort. Announcement was made through the Bellingham *Weekly Banner* and through the Bellingham correspondence of other papers circulating in the town. Attractive invitations were printed and mailed to all families connected with the church or the Church school. Even more important and effective was the personal " talking-up," either face-to-face or over the telephone. It is safe to say that when the morning of installation day arrived there was no person, old or young, in the parish who did not know that

something unusual was to take place at the Church of Good Tidings and that his presence was particularly desired.

The sun smiled on the enterprise, and the congregation, even before the children entered, was the largest that Dr. Goodspeed could remember, the entire auditorium, galleries included, being filled except for the reserved section in the center. It had been decided to have the service in two parts, one for the older people alone and the other for everybody. The first part, similar to the ordinary morning service, was, because of the large attendance and because of the special subject and unusual spirit, thoroughly profitable, giving a good preparation for what was to follow. The music, the Scripture reading, the prayer, all helped to emphasize the new thoughtfulness, determination and joy that were in the people. Then the minister preached on "To-day and To-morrow," giving in twenty minutes a strong, clear-cut, persuasive presentation of the duty of the present church toward the future church, showing the dangers as well as the promise of the new era, urging parents to awaken to the real dignity and importance of the Church school, calling on every auxiliary society for co-operation, pledging himself to take seriously and prayerfully his duties as spiritual leader of young as well as old. Many people nodded their heads in approbation; husbands and wives looked at each other, questioning whether they had been true to their

children; the church officers acted as though they wanted to applaud.

The second part began when the children, with their teachers, came marching in and singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." There had been no decorations for the earlier service, but now there were a plenty. Two High School boys came first, one with the flag of the nation and the other with the flag of the church, which they set at the right and left of the platform. Then came girls in white, bearing palms and flowers which were placed in positions previously determined. The classes brought their banners. And every scholar wore a blossom. The visitor in the back seat, however, thought that the most beautiful decorations of all were the children themselves, happy of face and dainty of attire. What a lot of them! That is what struck most forcibly many of the church people who really had had little idea about the rising generation at Good Tidings. Lawyer Evans said, "It doesn't look to-day as though we had any reason to believe that our church is dying out!"

When the school was seated, representatives of the different church organizations went forward to chairs which had been placed for them on the platform—a trustee, a deacon, the president of the Ladies' Aid Society, the president of the Mission Circle, the president of the Young People's Society, and, last and most honored, and beaming with satisfaction, Superintendent Whitby.

The responsive service was given by the pastor and these parish leaders, beginning with "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!" and closing with "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever!" A hymn of consecration followed, sung by all, inasmuch as the day was one for everybody to choose the right.

Then the officers were called forward. With few words but with deep feeling, the minister welcomed the new superintendent and her colleagues, speaking with gratitude of the work of their predecessors, emphasizing the importance of perfect cooperation, dwelling upon the joy and beauty of character-building. After that came the pledge, simple, very impressive, repeated by the officers sentence by sentence as spoken by the pastor.

Then the school said, "We accept you as our leaders for the ensuing year and promise to give you our respect and support." And all the people of the congregation said, "We accept you as our representatives in the great task of religious education and will help, as we have opportunity, to make your work happy and successful."

Next the teachers came forward for a similar service, giving their pledge of faithful endeavor and receiving the assurance of loyal co-operation.

The pastor prayed very earnestly for the new

officers and teachers, for the people of the parish, for himself, and for the young growing up in their midst; the congregation sang again, using a hymn that was at once a prayer and a dedication. Then the school marched out, going to the lessons, for which ample time remained; while the rest of the people stayed to talk over the beautiful service and the cause which it had presented. And many there were who said that they must henceforth be counted as members of the school.

"It seems as though we all had been installed," was a common remark, and nothing could have pleased better the promoters of the Church school.

An hour later, at the close of her first session as superintendent, which was one of great joy, Hope Victoria walked home with Elizabeth Bell. The lame girl was almost overcome with the emotion of the day; and she spoke more freely than ordinarily she would have dared.

"O, Hope, darling," she exclaimed, "it is wonderful to have you as our superintendent! You can do such big things and such beautiful things in our school. You're great, dear. But wouldn't it be awful if—if—if, well if, just as you got well started, you should—should go away from Bellingham to live. We never could get anyone to fill your place. And you know, Hope, no one ever can fill your place in my heart."

"Why, what queer talk!" her chum cried, in

wonder. "You don't think that I am going away from Bellingham, do you?"

"Well," faltered Elizabeth, "I wouldn't want you to and—probably you know that Roger wouldn't want you to. I don't believe that you'll ever find any truer hearts than those right here in our own dear village."

"Elizabeth Bell," Hope exclaimed with mingled amazement and amusement, "what *are* you driving at?"

"Well, Hope, dear," the lame girl managed to say, "you must know that people are talking a good deal about your very frequent visits from someone—from Mr. Glendale. Of course, he's your editor, but folks doubt if editors always pay quite so much attention to their contributors. There he was at your installation service to-day."

Hope was half amused and half troubled.

"So people think that perhaps I am going to marry the editor—is that it?" she asked.

"They all talk that way!" Elizabeth acknowledged. "And we don't want you to leave us. And then, he's so old. He's nice, but you ought to have someone—well, someone about the age of you and me and—and Roger."

Hope finally decided that it would be entirely appropriate for her to be amused. She laughed heartily. "I'll give you one crumb of comfort, Elizabeth," she confided, "and you can share it with the rest of the dear folks of Bellingham. The

editor of the *Torch-Light* never has asked me to marry him."

Elizabeth brightened for a moment. Then she grew sober again.

"No," she said doubtfully, "but perhaps he's just going to."

Hope laughed so heartily that her chum had to join in spite of herself.

"Well," she counselled, "don't buy your bridesmaid's gown or pick out your wedding gifts until I give you a hint."

The new superintendent ran into her house and straight to her own room. Her gaiety dropped in a moment. Elizabeth would have been surprised, perhaps, to have known that her laughing companion knelt quickly by her bedside for fervent prayer. There was something in her words about some man (whose name she did not mention), about being worthy of some good, true man for whose love she was thankful; but most of her prayer was about her Church school, about the dear children whose lives she might help to bless, about her own desire to be faithful to the high privileges of her superintendency.

III

A SLOW START FOR A LONG JOURNEY

HOPE, absorbed in her reading, sat bolstered in the orchard hammock. She must have had great power of concentration to have studied amid such surroundings and the theme must have been one of exceeding interest.

The world was glorious with May sunshine, the air as warm as in June, yet as fresh as in early April. The apple trees, earlier than usual, were robed in pink and white, and danced with gladness. The fragrance of ploughed earth and new grass was everywhere. The birds sang as though hearts and throats would burst from very excess of joy.

A girl with a high forehead, bright eyes, rosy cheeks and a sunny smile came through the gate, walking rapidly in spite of her crutches. She whistled, and Hope, aware that the note was not from any robin, looked up to see who dared intrude in her outdoor study. "Why, Elizabeth," she cried, "you're a darling to hunt me up away out here. Come and sit beside me and you shall have my very best pillow."

Since the installation, four days before, Hope had seen but little of her lifelong chum and she

was delighted to get her arm about the familiar waist. " O, I've been reading a ' perfectly peachy ' book," she said, using her college vernacular.

" Wordsworth, I'll bet," exclaimed Elizabeth. " No? Don't tell me that you're digging into ' Paracelsus ' out here in this Paradise. That seems to be your idea of true ' peachiness.' No? Well, then, I guess that you have absolutely descended to novel-reading and have been plunging into the latest ' best-seller.' "

Hope Victoria passed over the volume that she had half concealed, and her visitor gasped with surprise and amusement.

" Well," Elizabeth exclaimed, " you certainly are a heroine to study *that* on such an afternoon. ' How to Conduct a Sunday School!' Hope Gladdison, you're the limit. But I love you for it."

" I accept the love but I deny the heroism," Hope replied. " You see that is exactly what I *want* to read just now. A man named Marion Lawrance met many of the very same problems that I am going to have here in Bellingham, solved them, and wrote down the wisdom that he gained through long experience. I am just revelling in good advice."

" It does look like an interesting book," admitted her chum. " Where did you get it? "

" O," said Hope, with a shade of mischief in her eyes, " it was sent to me by a friend who understands about such things."

Elizabeth started with suspicion.

"You mean that—that *he,* Mr. Glendale—"? The two girls looked straight into each other's eyes and then both laughed. "Please don't be a goose," Hope exclaimed.

"I'll *try* not to be a silly one or a jealous one," Elizabeth said half apologetically. But the caller was not quite comfortable.

After they had talked over the village news, Elizabeth Bell, who really had come upon a mission, cast about for some opening.

"Hope, dearest," she began, "you find a great many new ideas in this book. They are good ones, no doubt. Are you going to try them all next Sunday? I know you're not, but I thought perhaps that I ought to say to you, to take the liberty to say to you, dear, that some people think that perhaps you, being so young and enthusiastic, will try to go a little too fast with your good work."

There are no ideal communities. Let no one suppose that "beautiful Bellingham" was without its ugly features, or that the Church of Good Tidings did not occasionally have some decidedly unwelcome news. If the village had been perfect the need of a strong Church school would have been less apparent. Among the citizens were some who were of evil intent and more who were of good intent but poor judgment. Of the latter class were several perfectly well-meaning pessimists, represented by Mrs. Alicia Grunger, who always believed

that some sad mistake had been made or would be made in the immediate future.

Mrs. Grunger liked Hope, as well as she could like anyone, but her chronic dyspepsia led her to fear, first that the girl wouldn't accept the superintendency, then that she wouldn't have the health to carry on the work, and finally that she would spoil her chances of success by trying to revolutionize the whole school in a single week. On the last point she concentrated and carried on such an active propaganda of distrust that she succeeded in getting nearly the whole church upset.

" This bit of a girl," she declared, " can't be expected to show no judgment. You'll find thet she'll start right in to overthrow the hull business that good Father Whitby has built up and thet she'll have only newfangled nonsense to put in the place."

Mrs. Carrington was quickly alarmed, rather too quickly, and before long the idea spread amazingly that Hope would prove a youthful iconoclast, recklessly introducing every innovation of which she read or conceived. And Elizabeth, in her intense loyalty, thought it her duty to give the new superintendent a timely word of warning.

Hope Victoria urged her friend to speak all that was in her mind and received it with surprising poise and good-nature.

" Dear Mrs. Grunger!" she exclaimed, " no wonder she thinks that I am a madcap. And she is

right, Elizabeth, about going slow. I'm not going to try to turn the world upside down in a day, for if I did I should expect it to turn right back again. 'A slow start for a long journey'—that's a good, old proverb. I'm quite certain that Mr. Marion Lawrance would quote it; and, between you and me (a playful look came over her face) Mr. Arnold Glendale already has done so."

The two girls walked to the Gladdison homestead and sat on the beautiful, wide verandah.

"Elizabeth," Hope asked, "if I tell you something, will you keep it secret forever and forever?"

"Why, of course."

"Cross your heart?"

"Yes," laughed Elizabeth, "cross and double cross—only do be quick!"

"The fact is," (Hope lowered her voice and spoke tragically)—"the fact is that I've had—a—proposal—of—marriage."

The merriment was gone in an instant. "Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Glendale?" Elizabeth's voice trembled.

"No, not the editor." Elizabeth brightened.

"O, Roger Allison again!" she cried. "He's a dear."

"No, not Roger. You never could guess. In strict confidence, it was *Ambrose Gorkins!*"

They looked at each other a moment; then burst into a gale of laughter. Poor Ambrose was the "character" of Bellingham, superabundant of flesh, with a good heart but a poor head.

" He said," Hope continued, " that he heard that I was getting a good many offers and he didn't want to be left out. ' Don't do anything until you talk it over with me,' he insisted."

" And what did you reply? " Elizabeth queried.

" I treated him with respect, of course. I told him that if he would never think of courtship again I would be his good friend just as long as he lived. And I gave him the same comfort that I give to you, dear—I told him that I had no thought of ' doing anything ' for quite a long while."

The next day Dr. Goodspeed called. He talked about many things, the weather, Hope's poem in the *Atlantic,* and many details about the Church school; but obviously he wanted to say something and was embarrassed.

At last he cleared his throat and said, " Well, I suppose it might be well enough, that is it might be rather desirable, don't you think, to begin rather gradually with the reforms that you have in mind —not to be too sudden in your improvements."

" Yes, Doctor, that's just what I think," Hope assured him. " The world wasn't made in a minute. I must get acquainted with my field and must study Church school work in general."

The pastor looked relieved but appeared less delighted when she added, with the slightest possible twinkle in her eye, " You will be glad to know that Mr. Glendale has written to me about that very point." Again Mr. Glendale!

Deacon Carrington brought up the subject as they were walking down the street. " Hope, you're going to be a star as a superintendent," he declared, " but you must be a fixed star and not a meteor. Don't scare us old fogies too much just at first."

Hope laughed and replied, " I'm glad to hear you say that, Deacon, because it is exactly what *Mr. Glendale* has been advising."

The deacon snorted, fire in his eyes. " Well, you begin just as you want to," he exclaimed. " I don't think that we need to go out of town for instructions on how to run our Church school. Who is to superintend your school anyway, you or the editorial force of the *Torch-Light?* "

The girl quite enjoyed his sudden indignation. " I think that Mr. Glendale is a very wise man," she said.

As a matter of fact, Hope did not need to be cautioned against a radical beginning. She had the good sense to know that she must establish herself in the confidence of her school before she could venture on any very great changes. On her first Sunday she introduced only one new idea, that of having several of her fellow-officers seated on the platform during the opening service. Father Whitby liked the plan.

" It does give the school additional dignity," he said. And everybody agreed.

The new superintendent, while beginning her work with a conservatism that made Mrs. Grunger

fear that "everythin' would go along in jest the same old rut," applied herself vigorously to personal preparation. Lawrance's book was followed by many others, Hope having secured a list of the best works on religious education. She read "Modern Methods in the Sunday School" by Mead, "The Superintendent and His Work" by Brown, "Efficiency in the Sunday School" by Cope, and "The Church School" by Athearn. Moreover, she branched out into books on child study, pedagogy and story-telling.

Her study was not confined to books.

"Who pays for your shoe leather?" asked Dr. Hubbell one day, when he found her tramping over the country road to the home of a distant scholar.

"I'm having the time of my life," she told him, "getting acquainted with the young folks who are to be my partners, and with their parents who must be my partners too. And I am just beginning to understand where's where, who's who and why's why in this parish. That is necessary, you see, if I hope to tell them, by and by, what's what."

So, with radiant good-will she went into the highways and byways, preparing herself to become the superintendent, not of strangers, but of acquaintances and friends; and as she gradually perceived the influences of heredity and environment, she was less mystified when Flossie Floville began at fourteen to use the lipstick and when Dick Graham

brought a litter of mice to the Church school. She was greatly helped by a quotation from James Freeman Clarke: "Never condemn until you are certain that you fully understand; for when you understand you may find little to condemn."

Her father and mother, good, sensible, well-to-do and well-doing people, with no suggestion of genius, were as much surprised and delighted with Hope's superintendency as they were with her poems and her stories. Always she could rely on them for encouragement and support. Accordingly they gave quick approval when she announced her desire to spend part of her summer vacation at a resort where a Church school institute was to be held.

"I'd like to go and hear some good talks on methods and get in touch with some of the wise folks who are actually doing big things," she said. "Dr. Goodspeed approves the plan and, of his own accord, suggested that the school pay my expenses and those of one of our teachers. I would pay for myself, but I guess it will be well for the school to do it."

"Who is the teacher?" asked her father, "Elizabeth?"

"Yes, Elizabeth, of course, the first year, with the expectation that different ones will be sent at other times."

So to the institute at Balsam Bay the two chums went, eager to see, to hear, to absorb. It was a week of intense delight, as well as of intellectual

and spiritual quickening. Under the pines they rested on beds of needles and breathed in health and joy; into the waves they plunged and the spirit of the dancing waters seemed to enter into their lives. The place itself was a help to sanity, an incentive to try to " think God's thoughts after Him." A large group of aspiring men and women assembled to think and pray about work for the Kingdom. Very jolly folks they were, but very earnest in their desire to learn how to serve. And the instructors were manly men and womanly women, who, through experience, had grown to leadership. Some of them were the authors of books that Hope had studied with eagerness. Dr. Hollymore, the dean, gave a series of lectures, with conferences following, on " School Organization and Management "; and Miss Forsythe explained and demonstrated " The Use of the Story in Religious Education." There were half a dozen courses, each to the mind of Hope " exactly the right thing." If the two girls were enthusiastic before they went to the institute, they were doubly so when they returned.

" That was a fine investment of Church school money," said Dr. Goodspeed to Mrs. Roberts.

" Yes," she agreed, and then added, " next year we will send them again and at least five delegates to keep them company!"

Even after the institute, Hope proceeded very slowly with her innovations, trying to develop a

new spirit which should make the new methods appropriate and welcome. All the time she thought and prayed. "I must get ready for every session when my work is really started," she said, "and now I must get ready to get ready."

One idea of Dr. Hollymore's struck her as especially valuable. "Go visiting," he said. "Go visiting schools big and little, good and bad. Go to find out what to do and what not to do, how to do and how not to do. Have your officers go visiting. Have your teachers go visiting. Let the school pay their expenses to go and see other workers actually at their tasks."

During the period of preparation Hope acted on this advice just as often as she felt at liberty to be absent from her own school. And everywhere she went she picked up good ideas and was freshly inspired to give the very best that was in her.

The friendship of the *Torch-Light* editor and his promising young protégé continued to develop. Arnold Glendale, frequently visiting Bellingham, was puzzled by the attitude of the townspeople, who were won by his genial good-fellowship but were indignant at his suspected intent to steal their superintendent. Mrs. Marnlow, who prided herself on her courage to say anything she wanted to, quizzed him one day in the post-office.

"Let me see," she said, "I shouldn't wonder if you was about the age of my son Jim. He's comin' fifty-two this fall."

" Madam, I assure you that you exaggerate my age and dignity," he replied. He smiled, but he was aware of a subtle distrust.

In August came the incident of the handkerchief. Roger invited Hope and Elizabeth for a canoe ride and a picnic supper. Up the little winding river they skimmed, as merry as three young children. When they landed by a picturesque bunch of hemlocks, Elizabeth tried to wander away and leave her companions together, but the other girl understood and resisted. After their delicious sandwiches, cake and cocoa, Hope said, " Go away, you two; take a little ride by yourselves; I want to have a tête-à-tête with that robin and to embroider some and think a little."

When at last they were on their way home, Hope, after searching in her bag, exclaimed, " O, where's my embroidery? I must have dropped it under the hemlock!"

Back they went and Roger scrambled ashore and rescued the missing treasure. It was a man's handkerchief, of choice texture, and on the corner, delicately wrought, were two initials. Evidently someone was to receive a dainty gift. They tried to rally her.

" Let me see," said Roger, " ' A. G.'—Elizabeth, can you recall *any* name that has those initials? " He was thinking of a certain editor.

Hope interposed, " Why, those letters stand for ' Arthur Gladdison,' the name of my big cousin!"

"Ye—e—s," he replied, "or they might stand for 'Alicia Grunger'!"

"Or," exclaimed Elizabeth, "for 'Ambrose Gorkins'!"

Hope's laugh was mischievous; but in her eyes there was a deep look of transcendent joy.

IV

A BUSINESS SPIRIT FOR A RELIGIOUS ENTERPRISE

HOPE VICTORIA was both thoroughly human and delightfully feminine. Being a normal young woman, she, of course, indulged occasionally in the mental tonic and spiritual restorative of a "good cry." Such was her occupation on an October morning when her mother discovered her prone on a dilapidated couch in an attic recess. Mrs. Gladdison was as much surprised as she usually was at the doings of her beloved but quite incomprehensible daughter.

"Why, Hope, dear, are you ill?"

"No, mother, I am well! Oh, I am well, utterly, astonishingly, almost disgracefully well! I am well enough to do something worth while and to do it decently!"

The fact was that "the accomplished young author," whose work heretofore had met with surprising acceptance, had received within a few days, not the usual "handsome" checks, but a series of slips, neatly printed and politely worded, by which she was informed that her manuscripts were not suited for the immediate needs of the editors to whom they had been submitted. The first rejec-

tion had been taken philosophically and so had the second and the third, but after a while the monotony began to depress even Hope's buoyant spirit. It is hard for youth not to be a little spoiled by early success and not to believe that interruption means final failure. The girl's first long novel, into which for months she had thrown the best of her thought and life, was returned with thanks for the privilege of examination. Even that she accepted in good heart, but when from the *Torch-Light* office came back a poem, which she believed among her best, she sought refuge in a dark corner of the garret.

Mrs. Gladdison was not entirely equal to the emergency. She was a small woman, having, by the testimony of Deacon Carrington, "a heart big enough for a three-hundred-pounder." She was a faithful wife, a wonderful mother, a loving neighbor, a devoted church-woman; but she was not an author. She was domestic rather than literary. She could make a marvellous pudding; but a poem would have been as impossible for her as the squaring of the circle. Unspeakably proud of her daughter's productions, she was quite unable to understand or appreciate them. In her heart she preferred Ella Wheeler Wilcox to Robert Browning and E. P. Roe to George Eliot.

"Hope gets all her smartness from her father," Mrs. Gladdison was accustomed to say. As a matter of fact, a discerning visitor once declared that

the girl was not closely related to either of her parents.

It would have been hard to account for Hope's tastes and abilities by the law of heredity. Her father was a prominent citizen of the county, a former state senator, a man who knew how to make money and to make that gain other money, a leader in every movement for the public welfare. He was able to debate intelligently with Mr. Glendale—from whom he was almost certain to differ on any current question. The editor respected and liked this man of hard head and good heart, but often wondered how he happened to have a poet for a daughter. Mr. Gladdison wondered as much, thoroughly approving but never quite comprehending the brilliant young woman who bore his name.

The mother sat by the sobbing girl, quieted her with gentle words and loving caresses, and was rewarded by the assurance that she was the best mother in the world, the very best that any girl ever had had. Yet the heart of Hope continued to ache.

A little later in the day, however, the message, sorely needed, came from the editor of the *Torch-Light,* a message that shamed away disappointment and discouragement. Mr. Glendale had intended that it should be enclosed with the unfortunate poem, but an overzealous secretary had sent the rejection too soon. "Do not expect that you will strike twelve every time—though you must try to.

Remember that Shakespeare probably destroyed three times as many plays as he published. Let rejection lead, not to dejection, but projection. Rise every time you fall and learn a lesson from experience." Such were some of the counsels given by this wise man, to whom, when the disappointments became too frequent, she had written in girlish impatience. They were not, at first, quite as welcome as would have been the assertion that the editors were all biased and blind, but they were what she needed. Soon she was radiant with a new vision and determination.

"I *will* do good work," she cried; "I *will* do good work in my home and in my study and in my Church school, I *will*."

So it came about that because of her temporary disappointment, the publishers gained a writer of new power and the Church school at Good Tidings gained a superintendent of higher enthusiasm and deeper devotion. When Hope was readjusted to effort, she felt that the time was ripe for an important advance movement in her Church school. One of her first thoughts when she was invited to be superintendent was that if she accepted she must introduce business spirit and business method; and the books she had read and the lectures at the summer institute had greatly strengthened that conviction. "That which goes at haphazard, usually happens to fail," said one of her instructors; "that which drifts always drifts down-stream."

There certainly was great opportunity for reform at the Church of Good Tidings. Father Whitby never had thought of the business of the Church school as a matter of much general concern, so he had transacted most of it himself, not even holding an annual meeting to which he might make report. Sometimes, when some special matter was in his mind, he would call a meeting of the school on Sunday, at the close of the lesson period, and the question would be discussed in the presence of young and old, and everybody, even the little children, would vote. But, it didn't matter much who voted, for the unanimous decision always was to allow the superintendent to proceed according to his own judgment. Once in a while on a street corner he might consult with the pastor or Deacon Carrington about something; but virtually the school was a one-man affair. He meant well. But he overlooked the fact that interest grows with participation and responsibility. His was a slipshod method which slipped into greater and greater inefficiency.

One morning Hope was overtaken on the street by Roger Allison, who seemed delighted to adapt his step to hers.

"Good morrow," he cried, "are you out for a constitutional?"

"Why, yes, exactly that," she replied. "I was thinking about a constitution for our Church school and that's what I want to talk to you about."

They fell into very earnest conversation. When

they passed the home of Alicia Grunger, that good woman said to herself, " There's poor Roger proposing agin to thet Gladdison girl!" And when they passed the Carrington residence the Deacon's wife made a similar remark. As a matter of fact, they were discussing the number of permanent committees a well-organized Church school ought to have.

Hope had a good many conversations on the same general subject, winning the interest and support of Dr. Goodspeed, of Elizabeth Bell, of Deacon Carrington, of Mrs. Roberts, and especially of Father Whitby. By doing this preliminary work, she showed her diplomacy, for when she was ready to act, these influential associates, who might have questioned or opposed, were all her enthusiastic helpers. Each had contributed good ideas and each felt a partnership in the credit for the new movement. She won her battle in advance by converting every possible opponent into an eager ally.

Then came an epoch-making conference at the Gladdison home. All the officers and teachers of the Church school were invited for what some people would have named " dinner " and some " supper " but what in that community was called " tea." Mr. and Mrs. Gladdison shone as the cordial and thoroughly competent host and hostess. A gentleman to the manor born, the husband had the art of making everyone feel entirely comfort-

able and at home, his hospitality being genial but not obtrusive. His wife delighted in showing what she and her maids could do in the kitchen, and it is safe to say that every visitor delighted in being shown. Tomato soup, fried chicken " with all the fixings," marvellous cream of tartar biscuits, angel cake and ice cream, besides pickles and sauce and honey—is it any wonder that the Deacon told Mrs. Gladdison that he had decided to close his house and engage from her steady board for himself and wife? After they had concluded their " tea " with fragrant and most delicious coffee, they adjourned to the living-room, where they were in a good mood for the business that Hope had on her mind.

She began by quoting from one of Dr. Hollymore's addresses at the Balsam Bay institute: " Business enterprises should be conducted on religious principles and religious enterprises should be conducted on business principles."

" Now, dear friends," she said, " I think that it would be very helpful to me if I could have my task quite thoroughly defined, and indeed I feel that we all would do better work if we stated clearly just what we are trying to do. I find that most successful Church schools have some written or printed statements, constitution or by-laws or articles of association, which give them vitality and direction and stability. I wish that we had some instrument, declaring plainly who we are, what our purpose is, what our allegiance is and

what are to be our methods. I wouldn't have anything very elaborate. I would have a great deal left for decision as emergencies should arise. But I would have enough so that we ourselves might be impressed with the fact that we were engaged in a real business."

It was delightful to have Father Whitby the very first to express his approval. Then Dr. Goodspeed said that he had been giving a good deal of thought to the matter and that he quite agreed with the other speakers. Mrs. Lombard thought so too. And Mrs. Roberts thought so too. Everybody thought so too. And everybody wondered that they had not had a constitution years before. It was Deacon Carrington who brought the matter to a head by moving that a committee be appointed, with the superintendent as chairman *ex officio* to prepare a suitable statement and submit it at a later meeting.

" That later meeting," said Roger Allison, " will be at the Inn, and I now invite you all to come and bring your appetites with you."

The committee consisted of Hope Gladdison, because she was superintendent; Roger Allison, because he was a business man, and Dr. Goodspeed, because he was the minister.

After an informal discussion, which brought out a surprising number of suggestions about a Church school constitution, there was a " good sing " and an early dispersion.

A week later Roger and Landlord Manson showed the company that the Inn was capable of furnishing a meal fit for epicures.

"See here, Allison," said Deacon Carrington, "I believe that you're in league with Dr. Hubbell and are trying to give us all chronic dyspepsia. If you feed me like this again you'll have to present me with a free ticket to the drug store!"

The constitution that was brought in by the committee was surprisingly simple, there being only nine articles and only a few words under each article. The school was named, its allegiance as an auxiliary body of the Church of Good Tidings was asserted, and its purpose to train young and old for knowledge of the Christian Gospel, for growth in Christian character and for application of Christian ethics, was clearly stated. The government of the school was placed in the hands of a business board, consisting of the pastor, the officers and teachers of the school, and a representative from the trustees of the church, this board to meet regularly once each month. The duties of officers and standing committees were explicitly stated. Conditions of membership in the school were defined. At first it seemed as though such a brief instrument could be of little importance; but a little study showed that there was revolution in it.

"This is compressed dynamite," said Dr. Hubbell, who had been invited in.

"Why, Hope, this would deprive you of your despotism," said Deacon Carrington.

"Yes, I want to be deprived of it."

No one was long in perceiving that the constitution called for a monthly meeting of the business board; and there was some consternation.

"One evening a month!" groaned Mrs. Roberts, "and I have enough engagements for sixty evenings already!"

Then Hope explained a plan that was followed in many schools that she had studied.

"Why couldn't we get together at six o'clock, have our 'eats' (not like these of Mr. Manson's, but just simple picnic suppers), devote an hour to business and discussion of our different problems and then, at half-past seven adjourn? That would still leave the evenings for the busy folks to keep their engagements."

"All right," said Mrs. Roberts, greatly pleased.

"Fine!" cried Roger.

"First-class!" exclaimed the Deacon.

And that is what they agreed to do. And that is what they did do, with great joy to themselves and with great blessing to the school. Their enterprise gained a new dignity and significance in their own minds and in the minds of all their members. Moreover, business was discussed frankly and fully; bills were paid when they were due; special responsibilities were assigned to those well qualified for them; plans for important events in the

school year were made in good season; lessons were wisely chosen; promotions were made according to fair requirements; officers were elected at a stipulated time. The new life permeated to every department and every class.

"Hope," said Father Whitby one day, "I wish we had had a constitution twenty-five years ago."

It was not long after the change at Good Tidings that Editor Glendale, of the *Torch-Light*, came into unusual and, as some thought, undesirable prominence. On a great issue before the public he took the unpopular side, and down upon him came vituperation from the press and even sharp criticism from the Government. He stood his ground and abuse continued. The *Torch Light* became the most debated publication in the country. It was said that the editor was in physical peril.

"There," said Dr. Goodspeed to his wife, "I guess we'll not be in quite as great danger of losing our Sunday school superintendent. I guess Hope will feel somewhat less enthusiasm for that elderly visitor." Others had the same thought.

One day the minister spoke of the matter.

"Well, Hope, I suppose that you are as much surprised as any of us at the stand that Mr. Glendale is taking."

"Yes," she answered quietly, "I am surprised."

"I am sorry that you have had to lose respect for your friend."

The girl started and flushed.

"*Lose respect,*" she cried, "*lose respect*—what do you mean?"

"Why, it can't be that you agree with him!" exclaimed the minister.

"No, I do not. But I respect him. O, I *admire* him for his courage to speak out against the opinion of almost all the rest of the world. He's a *man.* O, Dr. Goodspeed, he's noble. He's superb!"

"She was very beautiful," the minister told his wife, "but I don't know what to think, I don't know *what* to think."

V

MONEY AND MORALS

THE shooting of Mr. Glendale aroused the entire nation and was reported in the uttermost parts of the earth. Yet, after all, it was not to be wondered at. There were a million people in his own city and a hundred million in his country and no two were alike. Some were phlegmatic; some were excitable; and some were at all times almost at the point of frenzy. It was not strange that among the great variety one should be found who became obsessed with the idea that it was his sacred duty to relieve society of a man whom the newspapers denounced and whom even the officers at Washington severely criticized. It takes only one madman to murder a hero.

The wound was serious, even dangerous, but it was not fatal. For many weeks, however, the editor of the *Torch-Light* lay in the hospital, suffering because he had dared to voice a sentiment that, a little later, almost every intelligent citizen held and loudly proclaimed. Into his room came a deluge of letters expressing sympathy and admiration, letters signed by the most influential leaders in America, many of whom acknowledged

that they had been brought to sober thought by his experience; and among them came one from the bitterest editorial writer of all who had attacked him, now humbly penitent. Hope read these thrilling epistles with shining eyes.

Hope? Yes, she was there. To him in his time of need went, as a matter of course, Hope Gladdison and her mother. Had it not been for the companionship of these two faithful and congenial friends, who spent much of each day in his room, he might not have been able to summon the strength for his marvellous fight against the leaden missile. As it was, he was quite content. For Hope the ministry was not unrewarded, inasmuch as, at Mr. Glendale's suggestion, she read to him from some of the great classics, talked over with him sublime conceptions, discussed the methods of expression. Thus she had a course in higher literature with a master-teacher; and for her Goethe, Browning, Whitman, Shakespeare, became as guides on a mountain slope, calling her to climb and climb, ever beholding a wider and transfigured world.

Mrs. Gladdison crocheted some, dozed some and wondered much about the daughter who could understand what all that deep philosophy was about; but she thoroughly approved of the intimacy between the great editor and his young protégé. It goes without saying that some of the good people back in Bellingham found in the hospital visit rea-

son for much shaking of heads and much conversation over the back-yard fences. Mrs. Alicia Grunger positively could not understand what the Gladdisons were thinking about—which was true in more senses than the one she had in mind. Mrs. Carrington, who, of course, down in the bottom of her heart, loved Hope, felt obliged to say that it seemed queer taste for her to insist upon throwing herself at the feet of that venerable man. One day Mrs. Grunger, who frequently "made bold to say her say," made bold to ask Mr. Gladdison some out-and-out questions.

"Kin it be true thet your daughter is to marry Mr. Arnold Glendale?" she asked.

The father paused a moment and a quizzical look came over his face.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I suppose that she will some day."

"Don't you think that he is too old for a girl of her age?" Alicia continued.

Again the quizzical look, "Not a day, not a single day!" he replied.

Months after Alicia remembered his little chuckle and the expression on his face.

Dr. Hubbell joked with Roger Allison one day, assuming a godfather's privilege.

"It seems to me," he rallied Roger, "that if you have any sense, you will hire some maniac to shoot you." Roger laughed; but if the Doctor had

known all the facts, he would have understood that the joke was on him.

When the superintendent returned, one or two intimate friends, including Elizabeth Bell, ventured to express the hope that she would remain with them for a while at least.

"I shall not pick out my veil," she assured them, "until I have had time to propose a few more innovations in the Good Tidings Church school."

Not all of her conversations with the wounded editor had been about the masterpieces of literature. Not for a day did she forget those teachers and scholars for whom she was praying the richest blessings, and sometimes Mr. Glendale would catch an expression on her face which told him that she was puzzling eagerly over some difficult problem.

"O, you've gone to Church school again, have you," he would laugh, and then he would ask the privilege of sharing in her perplexities.

It was wonderful how much he seemed to know about religious education and about the tasks of a superintendent, considering the fact that he never had conducted a school himself. Together the two planned a campaign for the Good Tidings school that would make it a model for the country roundabout.

"I hear that you have some more new ideas for us," said Deacon Carrington, saluting her one day

soon after her return. "Let them descend upon your humble servant. What's the first?"

"It's what Dr. Hollymore calls the problem of 'dollars and sense,'" she promptly answered. "Do you know, Deacon, I think that we are missing our opportunities pretty sadly in regard to our Church school finances." She told him her ideas.

He whistled some, according to his habit, and he whittled some, according to his other habit. At the end he said, "All right, Hope, we'll do it. Just bring it up at the next meeting and we will put it through."

She did not bring it up at the next meeting. She was wise enough in executive life to know that the very best way to defeat a new plan or project is to propose it at a public gathering, with no preliminary consultations. Just as she had converted her associates, one by one, to the idea of having a constitution, until each almost believed himself the originator of the thought, she now canvassed all the leaders in the Church school and in the other departments of the church. At first there was some consternation and some opposition when she suggested departure from "the good old ways" or "the methods that had worked well enough for fifty years." But her personal popularity and her patience and tact in presenting what seemed to her self-evident truth, won over the doubters until, when her proposition did finally come before a

meeting it was certain of almost unanimous support.

The business board gathered at the home of Mrs. Arthur Phillips, a happy teacher of adolescent girls. The plan of holding monthly meetings had worked well from the first and was now increasing in usefulness. The hostess welcomed the officers and teachers to "their own party," she being strictly forbidden to contribute more to the refreshments than any other worker. A simple picnic supper was served at six o'clock, without great work or expense for anybody. There was a jolly clearing up, with good jokes by Deacon Carrington, Mrs. Roberts and others, and a quarter before seven the company was ready for real business. After several matters of minor importance had been considered, Roger Allison brought up the subject which all were expecting.

"There have been some suggestions," he said, "that in our school finances, we may not be following the very best methods. The very best would be none too good for such an organization as we are building up and I think that we would do well to consider the matter. No doubt Miss Gladdison has some ideas on the subject and I know that we all would like to have her express them."

"It seems to me," said Hope, "that in most Church schools of which I have any knowledge there is serious confusion in regard to two im-

portant matters. We desire to secure money for running expenses and equipment, and we desire to train our members to give regularly for the support of religion. Apparently most people suppose that the two objects must be attained at the same time and in the same way. I think that they should be quite distinct."

"Three weeks ago, I visited a school, quite a large one, that gave a shining example of what seems to me the worst possible method. They simply pass the hat. During the opening service, when dignity and reverence might be expected, four big boys take their very miscellaneous hats and caps, and wander about collecting the nickels and pennies of the children—mostly pennies. During the process everybody wriggles, everybody laughs, everybody forgets any possible lesson that the service may have taught. From those hats and caps comes all the income of the school; so its activities are strictly limited to what those little offerings will pay for."

"Our way is not as bad as that," said Dr. Goodspeed.

"No," said Father Whitby, "but it's bad enough. Since I have begun to think of this matter, I have become convinced that we ought to make a radical change. We have the class envelopes. Do you think they are satisfactory, Mrs. Pardee?"

"Not with my boys," she replied. "The little

rascals cut up dreadfully when the envelopes are passed and get a bad start for the lesson. Besides there is no individual incentive to give. I don't know as this is the place to speak of it, but the fact is that some of my boys are practically stealing. The money that their fathers give them for Church school is spent for gum or candy or is saved toward movie tickets."

Many heads were nodded, and if there had been time there would have been plenty of testimony against the present method.

"Well, what's the way out?" asked Deacon Carrington. "Hope, have you visited any other schools that have better systems? I'm ready to be shown."

"I haven't visited one lately; but I've been studying about some and I think that I am converted to another system. I find that in many of the best Church schools the members, old and young, have the regular church envelopes and contribute, according to their pledges, for the support of the whole parish enterprise. This has a most desirable effect on the givers, who grow up with the sense of being partners in the entire church. Little Flora no longer drops her penny into a hat, just because little Dora has, or just because she likes to hear the jingle. She knows that her money helps to pay for something; for the heat, for the music, for the janitor, for the pastor. She is dignified in her own eyes. As the boys and girls grow

older they become more and more interested in *their* church, and when they are mature they have a healthy habit and instinct for giving. This plan helps to overcome the sense of separation between the church and the Church school.

" That sounds pretty good to me," said Roger, " but what about the unfortunate treasurer? Does he have to open all those envelopes and keep track of all those penny accounts? "

" There are two points there, Mr. Allison," said Hope. " The treasurer is usually given a special assistant to care for the Church school offerings; and then there are very few penny accounts. While children will drop pennies into the hats, they will pledge several of them or nickels or dimes for their envelopes and will work joyfully to earn money for their pledges. The individual envelope system always yields double or much more than double what is received from the older methods."

The pastor spoke. " There seems to be good psychology behind this suggestion. But how are the Church school bills to be paid if the money goes to the church treasurer? "

" The Church school is regarded as a legitimate part of the church and its expenses are met like any other charges," Hope explained. " They are included in the church's budget as naturally as are the bills for coal, or repairs or salaries. This has a very desirable effect on the trustees who develop

a sense of responsibility for religious education. The Church school becomes theirs."

"Do they have to pass on every little bill for picture cards or chalk?" asked Dr. Hubbell. "You know the trustees are busy men."

"No, they usually make quarterly payments of lump sums and the Church school managers attend to details. The budget, however, must make liberal allowance."

"Miss Gladdison," asked the pastor, "is this plan costly for the parish? Do the trustees pay more than the Church school members contribute?"

"Usually the parish loses nothing. That ought not to cause any hesitation, anyway. If religious education is the greatest duty of the church, there should be entire willingness to pay for it. But as it works out, the offerings from the envelopes are surprisingly large and cover or more than cover the budget allowances. I am frank to say that I expect that Church school expenses are to be greatly increased as we come to understand what adequate equipment would mean; but I also expect that the additional charges can be met from contributions made to the parish for its work of religious education, contributions from men's clubs, ladies' aid associations, missionary circles and far-sighted individuals. For instance, I know of a man who gives his church a hundred dollars a year for just this purpose."

Deacon Carrington brought the matter to a vote. "This sounds good to me," he said, "and I move that our superintendent be given her way."

"O, no, no!" exclaimed Hope. "Not *my* way —everybody's way!"

"Well, so 'tis," said the Deacon, "I move that we adopt this plan and have a committee of three to carry it into effect."

The vote was unanimous. There were cheers and smiles and shaking of hands. Thus it happened that to the Good Tidings church and Church school there came an era of financial sanity and of worshipful giving.

Those good people in Bellingham, who were especially concerned with keeping Hope in their community had, at about that time, two additional causes for worry.

Roger Allison, who had been half depended upon to keep the superintendent in town, became engaged to sweet Elizabeth Bell.

"I've expected it for years," Hope told her chum. "I knew that you and Roger were meant for each other and that some fine day you would find it out."

"O, I *never* expected it," exclaimed Elizabeth, "I always tried to have him propose to you, Hope dear. It never occurred to me that he could care for me, with my poor crutches always to be with me. But, O, I'm the happiest girl in the world, with my true nobleman!"

" Yes," declared Hope, her eyes shining, " and Roger says he loves you all the more for your lameness, since you have borne it with such courage and good cheer."

" There'll be no keeping that girl in Bellingham, now," Dr. Goodspeed told his wife sadly. " Roger was our only anchor."

Uneasiness increased with the publication of what the critics called " Miss Gladdison's most notable of her many very notable poems." It was a love song, very tender, exquisitely expressed, yet not too free to be becoming in a modest woman.

" The girl who wrote that must have been deeply in love," said Deacon Carrington.

" Yes," said his wife, " and does it seem possible that such sentiment could be inspired by that old man with grey hair! But poet-girls are different from others. You never can tell what they are going to do."

" Different? " asked the deacon, tantalizingly. " Different? I should think—," but he wisely left his sentence unfinished.

VI

THE EARS OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON JAMIESON

EVEN if she lives to be a hundred years old, Hope Gladdison never will forget the remarkable ears of a small, red-haired, much-befreckled boy who sat in the middle of the First Year Intermediates. They became for her the symbol of great tribulation and of final glorious triumph.

It was not for ears alone that the lad was distinguished. His very name, always pronounced in its full amplitude by his doting father and mother, and quite out of proportion to his diminutive body, would have caught the attention of any visitor. To be sure, his uncle from Harvard was irreverent enough to address him as plain "Jo-Jim," while his chums called him "Jeff" or even "Little Jeff," but his parents always spoke to him and of him, just as they had when he was one day old, as "Joseph Jefferson Jamieson."

He himself was not greatly interested in names, but he was proud, very proud, of a marvellous faculty that made him preeminent in Bellingham, proud indeed of his strange ability to *wriggle his ears*. For that rare and most desirable gift he

was devoutly envied by every boy in the village. Scientists estimate that a partial Nature has bestowed that happy power on about one person in every thousand, but, as far as known, no other of her favorites ever had lived in that vicinity. Jeff's companions would have paid almost any price if they could have learned how to control those auricular muscles as did he; in fact some of them did reward him liberally with fish-lines, tops and "mibs" for instruction; but, though they grimaced most horribly, they never could budge their recalcitrant pinnae.

Now, when a person has some unusual and most honorable faculty, it is only human for him to like to display it, and to display it where and when it will attract general attention and admiration; and everyone is aware that there is no better opportunity to win the applause of the juvenile multitude than during the opening "exercises" of a Church school. Then the human mind, and especially the adolescent mind, is at the point of extreme susceptibility. So simple a matter as the dropping of a book sometimes stirs the risibles of an entire class, while a sly wink or nod has been known to seem irresistibly laughable to a whole row of giggling boys and girls.

Joseph Jefferson Jamieson entered the Good Tidings Church school soon after Hope assumed the superintendency; and he became a problem on the very first day of his membership. Although

his reputation had preceded him from three other Church schools, in which he had come to be regarded as an undesirable citizen, he looked so innocent and so thoroughly good-natured that the heart of the young officer went out to him at once. No sooner was he seated with the class of "Wide-Awakes," however, than its members seemed beset with unaccustomed and uncontrollable merriment. Young Mr. Benson, the teacher, shook his head at several lads in turn, and they obviously tried to be quiet; but their eyes would wander in a certain direction and immediately their amusement would become intense. Mr. Benson began to get stern, which was difficult for a teacher who himself was not far removed from the teen-age.

"Quit it, fellows," he said, "give Miss Gladdison a fair show." They tried, but could not persist. The superintendent looked at them reproachfully and felt that for some reason that she could not understand they had spoiled her entire opening service.

The class period was not successful under Mr. Benson's pedagogy. At last Hope went to the group, smiled pleasantly, and said, "You boys seem to be unusually jolly this morning. What's the reason?" They all snickered, except their new recruit, who appeared to be entirely unconscious of anything wrong.

"What is it, Bob?" she asked of a lad who seemed about to explode.

"Nuthin'," he said.

"What is it, Bob?" she quietly insisted.

"Little Jeff's funny," he said.

"Do you boys think it is very polite to laugh at your new member?" They looked sheepish.

"Then let'm stop wigglin' his ears!" said Bert Hawley.

It is quite probable that Joseph Jefferson Jamieson made good resolutions every week on his way to Church school; but if one of the boys looked at him inquiringly or invitingly that right ear would begin to twitch—or that left ear. Soon the temptation would become irresistible and he would demonstrate that he could wriggle the right or the left alone or both together. The situation became worse and worse until it seemed as though the whole value of the opening services would be lost.

Here was a problem for Hope. She thought about it a great deal, talked about it with wise counsellors, and, as a matter of fact, made it a matter for earnest prayer. She made a private appeal to Little Jeff.

"Aw, the other kids make me do it," he said.

She took the other boys into counsel. "Honest we don't mean to," said Bert Hawley, "but when we look at Jeff we can't help it."

She had a talk with Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson, who, except in the matter of nomenclature, were very sensible people. "Try to be patient with him," appealed the mother. "He has been ex-

pelled from three schools already, and he is a good boy."

"I shall try a little more 'birch-juice,'" said the father, and, though Hope protested, it is probable that he carried out his threat. Not thus, however, came the reformation.

In "Varieties of Religious Experiences," William James refers to "psychological inhibition." Finding the phrase there and in other scientific works, Hope at last caught at it and had an inspiration. One Sunday she paused just at the end of the opening services and said, "Now we are to have an extra number this morning. Some of us are able to sing; some are able to speak pieces; some are able to draw pictures. One member of the school, however, has a gift different from any other. Our friend, Joseph Jamieson, is able to *move his ears* and I am going to ask him now to come forward to the platform and show us his accomplishment. I know that we all want to see this wonderful feat." She smiled very charmingly and beckoned to the scarlet Joseph.

Every scholar but one began to laugh. Little Jeff was too much surprised even to snicker.

"Come right on," she said.

He did not start. Mr. Benson took him by the hand and Deacon Carrington indicated that he had better go. He went, with dragging feet.

"He will move his right one first," said Hope. There was a unanimous giggle, even the performer

getting the spirit of the occasion. But the ear did not move. Jeff tried as hard as he could, but it would not budge.

"The right one seems out of order," said Hope, "but the left surely will obey." The left one was likewise stationary.

"This is too bad; this is very sad," said the superintendent, "but probably he can show us how to move both at once." He thought he could. But he was mistaken. No ear would even quiver. And at last a crestfallen Intermediate shuffled off the platform amid the ridicule of his companions.

"Aha, Jeff," whispered his classmates, "why don't you see if you can wrinkle your nose?"

Strange as it may seem, that was the end of the auricular performances of Joseph Jefferson Jamieson. The "psychological inhibition" became a fact and, try as he would, our hero never again could wriggle his ears. When the boys would suggest an exhibition, either by whispered word or insinuating look, he sometimes would endeavor to gratify their desires; but ever the memory of that awful public failure would rise before him and something would seem to say, "You cannot, you cannot, you cannot." And he could not.

As Hope later thought over the experience of the movable ears, she became convinced that there was something deeper and more vital for her to consider. The whole subject of reverence in the Church school grew in her mind and she began to

question about some way in which she could transform her opening "exercise" into a real opening *service,* some way in which she could so quiet and interest her members that they would not be tempted to any clownish antics. The time came when she was devoutly thankful that Little Jeff had incited her and her fellow-workers to do some serious thinking.

She was able to accomplish something toward bringing order out of chaos by attention to individual cases, though she never found another where the cure was by psychological inhibition. Each disturber was a problem in himself. One boy was really hungry. A girl had a nervous disorder which made it almost impossible for her to be quiet. Hope tactfully arranged that the first had food and the other had treatment. One mischief-maker was subnormal in mentality and another was supernormal. One needed something to do and another needed someone to love. By visits to their parents, by quiet talks with the children themselves, by rearranging the seating so that mutual irritants were separated, by a score of different methods, Hope brought about decided improvement. Yet she was not satisfied. She understood that it all was superficial and that she must go deeper to solve her real problem.

When she had studied the matter quite thoroughly she brought it up at a meeting of the officers and teachers.

"We are in need of religion in our Church school," she told her associates, very frankly. "We are in need of genuine reverence, not among the children alone but also among the adults, among even those who criticize the school for its disorder."

"Amen," said Deacon Carrington. The others thought so too.

"I am going to try to do better," said Dr. Goodspeed; and, after their long discussion, all agreed that, for the children's sake and for their own sake, they would endeavor to make the Church school a worshipful institution.

The following Sunday the effort began with the first opening of the school. Instead of ringing the bell, loudly, repeatedly, almost frantically, as had been the old custom, Hope arranged with the pianist to play a couple of the spirited hymns that the members liked, "Forward be Our Watchword" and "Stand Up, Stand Up, for Jesus." There was no singing, but the surprised scholars, by the encouragement of their previously instructed teachers, assembled quietly in their places. The plan worked fairly well the very first Sunday, and in later weeks with other appropriate hymns it worked excellently. There was no more Church school mob.

A new form of opening was introduced, preliminary to whatever special service was used. Hope began with "The Lord is in His holy tem-

ple; let all the earth keep silence before Him; this is none other but the house of God, this is the gate of Heaven." She desired to have the members think of the Church school room as part of the church and just as sacred as any other part. Then all repeated together, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer." The superintendent offered an invocation of one or two sentences, filled with the spirit of gratitude and aspiration, and remained bowed with the others for a moment of silent prayer. The result of the change was marvellous. It became evident, even to the most critical, that the children were not, as Mrs. Grunger had called them, "little heathens"; that, in fact, they were deeply religious and were hungry for some expression of their desires.

When the longer prayer was reached it was given in different ways on different Sundays, so that there was nothing set or perfunctory about it. Sometimes it was given by Dr. Goodspeed, Hope, Deacon Carrington, or one of the other leaders; sometimes it was read from the service book; sometimes it was given sentence by sentence by different persons; sometimes it was sung, attention being called to the fact that many of the hymns were really prayers set to meter and music.

Hope was insistent that whatever was read or sung in the school should be understood and its

message felt; for it seemed to her nothing less than sacrilege to repeat empty words, words, words, especially when they were addressed to the Deity. "Let us think a moment about this responsive reading," she would say, quietly, "and see whether or not we really want to say these things to our Heavenly Father." Or she would ask some good reader to go through the hymn in advance of the music, so that the sentiment could be understood by all.

The hymns were often made rich by some little account of the authors, of the circumstances under which they were written, or of incidents connected with their use. On one occasion, for instance, Hope announced a hymn that the children loved especially, "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go," and made it doubly impressive by telling of the blind pastor, George Matheson, who, when it seemed that earthly friends were all deserting him, wrote this immortal song of the "Never-deserting Love."

Another great reform was in the movement from the assembly room to the classes. Father Whitby's method had been to say, "We will now take up our lessons," after which hub-bub and pandemonium ensued and, with many delays and loiterings, the scholars rioted to their classes. Hope introduced a march at the completion of the opening services, the members, old and young, passing

to their places to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," or "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The successful effort of the new superintendent was to have her members realize that the church, while a place for joy, was also a place in which everything should be done decently and in order. "If you were to appear before the king of England or any other human potentate, you would wish to behave in a dignified and becoming manner," she told them. "How then should you act when you come to the King of kings?"

Deeper, however, was her constant effort to show God as being worthy of their love and service; for she learned that in love and in recognition of His wisdom and goodness lies the root of reverence. So, with the strangely mobile ears of Joseph Jefferson Jamieson began a movement that made the Good Tidings Church school rich in reverence and real religion.

At about this time came the wedding of Elizabeth and Roger, who were said to have been "the handsomest bride and groom that Bellingham ever had seen." If happiness can make beautiful, they surely gave reason for their compliments. The ceremony was simple in a way, as was necessary for a bride with a crutch, but it was attended by a great throng of those whose hearts were loyal to the sweet, true-hearted girl and her rugged, manly husband. Hope, of course, was bridesmaid.

"I'll bet she wishes now thet she'd took him

herself," whispered the irrepressible Alicia Grunger, who never could give up her theory that Hope and Roger had been something more than good chums. But she was mistaken.

As a matter of fact, Hope allowed a few of her most intimate friends to see a wonderful ring that she carried and fondled but did not wear. Only Elizabeth, however, was allowed to look inside and see the initials there engraved. She expected to find "H. V. G. from A. G." but when she really did see precisely that inscription she sighed and felt a little sinking of the heart. Hope looked content.

VII

"O, WISE YOUNG JUDGE"

ALFREDA and Alberta had been absent three Sundays. These charming maidens, the pride of all Bellingham as far as beauty was concerned, were the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harpson and would have told you that they were "twins and *both* eight years old." Their teacher, Grace Spencer, had sent them "We Missed You" postcards, expressing regret at their vacant chairs, and she had promised Hope that she would call and find out what the trouble was. Before she had opportunity to do so, however, the superintendent herself met the two girls on the street.

"Why, I'm glad I came this way," she said. "Have you children been out of town?" Two flaxen heads were shaken in unison.

"Well, you haven't been sick, have you?" she pursued.

"No'm," came from two pairs of red lips in exactly the same tone and at exactly the same time. There were no smiles, which seemed very strange considering the radiant happiness usually shown.

"Well, I shall hope to see you both next Sunday. Miss Spencer has missed you and so have we all."

"Guess we ain't comin' no more," said Alfreda, and her sister echoed "Ain't comin' no more."

Hope started in genuine grief and dismay, for she loved these queer little beauties.

"Why, are you attending some other Church school?" she asked.

"No'm, we ain't goin' nowhere; papa won't let Alberta go and mamma won't let me go," said Alfreda.

"No'm; won't let us go," said her duplicate.

"Guess I've got to go and live with my Grandma Harpson!" declared Alberta with tears in her eyes.

"Guess *I've* got to go and live with my Grandma Willby!" said the sister.

The twins to be separated! What could the matter be? Hope saw that there must be some serious situation and thought it not wise nor proper to question the children further.

As they passed up the street, Alberta called back, "It's all about the peacemakers!"

"About *what?*"

"About blessed are the peacemakers," said Alfreda.

Hope was quite justified in her fear that there was serious discord in the Harpson household. When a husband and wife, parents of eight-year-

old daughters, do not speak to each other for a month, communicating only through notes deposited in napkin rings, it would appear that the situation must be very grave.

The Harpsons were distinctly middle-class people—middle-class in worldly goods, social position, education and intellectual ability, moral and spiritual development. " Sam," as he was universally called, attended church occasionally, but attended the golf-links more frequently. " Mrs. Sam " was somewhat more interested but was quite often kept from service by pressing correspondence, company dinner or a raging but quite temporary headache. The first decade of their married life had left them still lovers at heart, though Sam had often found that Mabel was the " tryingest " woman in the county and Mabel had many times discovered that Sam was the " settest " citizen in the entire state.

Previous disagreements had been quickly patched up, but the real quarrel over the ninth verse of the fifth chapter of Matthew threatened to result in permanent disruption. It was surprising that just such people as the Harpsons should come to grief over a matter of Biblical interpretation; and it might have been amusing that the particular passage should have been the Beatitude about the peacemakers. The sense of humor, however, is quite likely to subside just at the time that it is needed most.

The trouble began over some of the memory work of the twins.

"What did you learn in Church school this morning?" the fond father asked one day as they sat at the dinner table.

"We learned what Jesus taught his deciphers when he was set."

Sam had offered each girl ten cents if she would repeat the Beatitudes, and it seemed that, under Miss Spencer's tutelage, they were likely to become letter-perfect. Blessing after blessing they gave in unison until they came to the seventh. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the sons of God," they recited.

"No, that isn't right," said the mother.

"It sounds right to me," said Sam.

"Well, it isn't," declared Mrs. Sam. "It should be 'they shall be called the *children* of God.'"

"Children nothing," said the husband. "I learned that when I was a kid. 'Sons' is right."

"Look it up and be convinced," suggested Mabel.

"I don't need to; look it up yourself."

And neither of them would go to the Bible. Sam knew he was right because "sons" sounded natural. Mabel was certain that he was wrong because it would be ridiculous to imply that the peacemakers were all male, when everyone knew that most of them were women.

A little spark grows into a great fire. Sam be-

came thoroughly " mad " in more senses than one, and his wife was even madder than he. The twins surely had a sorry time, listening to charges and recriminations that they could not comprehend, but sensing that something dreadful was happening in what had been their delightful home. After the wordy period of the quarrel passed the silent period was even more horrible for the innocent children. They could not understand why they should be kept away from their Church school or why their mother should announce to them that she was going to live with her parents, taking Alberta, and that Alfreda was to be sent to her Grandmother Harpson.

" We don't want to go away and be separated," they cried.

When Hope called she found Mrs. Harpson only too ready to tell the details of the domestic tragedy.

" Isn't that a small matter for which to break up a family? " she asked.

" 'Tisn't that; it's Sam's stubbornness. Miss Gladdison, there just isn't any living with him."

The husband was equally talkative when interviewed at his shop and equally positive that it was Mabel's obstinacy that was absolutely unbearable. The outlook was dark.

Hope went to Dr. Goodspeed for counsel. " Norway and Sweden!" he exclaimed, " I never heard of anything so downright silly!"

"Yes, silly," Hope agreed, "but serious nevertheless. What shall we do?"

Dr. Goodspeed called on Sam and on Mabel, but without apparent result. "They both want to be reconciled," he reported, "but neither will yield an inch. Of course, Mabel is right about the text. It does say 'children.'"

"Why, no, Doctor, I beg your pardon, but I am quite certain that it says 'sons.'"

"No, my dear Hope."

"But, Doctor—," and then they laughed.

"What's this, the beginning of another quarrel over the peacemakers?" cried the minister. "Here's the Bible."

He opened it and passed it over with a look of pride and triumph. "Seeing's believing, I guess," he said.

But Hope took her Testament from her bag and found the passage. Then suddenly she began to laugh more than ever.

"Why, *of course,*" she exclaimed. "Why haven't we thought of that before? Sam's right and Mabel's right, too. It just happens that they have learned from different versions! That's the whole explanation!"

Hope devised a plan for reconciliation, winning for it Dr. Goodspeed's approval. She went to call on Mr. Harpson, taking with her a copy of the King James Bible. She talked with him about his home, his twin daughters, his duty to the com-

munity. Tears came in his eyes. "I tell you, Miss Gladdison, my heart's just breaking, but I can't give in when I know that I'm right."

"Suppose your wife should surrender and should send you a written apology?"

"Well, I'd be the happiest man in Bellingham; I sure would."

"Then I'll tell you what to do. You just take this Bible and underline in red the word 'sons' and I'll take it to Mrs. Harpson and guarantee to get her apology within an hour."

He took the Bible, dipped the pen in the red ink and prepared to underscore. Then reading the passage he shouted and groaned. "Miss Gladdison," he cried, "Hope, *Hope,* why the woman's right, the woman's right! What an unspeakable idiot I've been. Where did I get the idea about the 'sons'? Where's my hat? I'm going to Mabel!"

"O, no, you're not—not until I get her ready to receive you. Now, Mr. Harpson, you probably are correct in the names that you are calling yourself; but never mind. What I want is to save a home for those darling twins of yours. What about that written apology?"

"I'm the one to write that, of course I am, and I'll do it this minute." He wrote the apology, an emphatic one, and Hope set off with it for the Harpson residence. But she did not present it to the set-lipped Mabel. Instead she approached her

much as she had her husband, and soon had her in tears and in a mood to accept an apology. A Bible was presented to her to underline, but in this case it was a Revised Version. When she came to the word 'sons,' she cried out in astonishment and dismay.

"Oh, Sam, Sam, oh my darling Sam, what have I done, what have I done?" she exclaimed. And she would have rushed instantly to his shop.

Hope, however, restrained her and quieted her. Soon she had obtained from the wife an apology as fervent as the one that she had secured from the husband and with the two she went to Dr. Goodspeed. In the minister's study that afternoon there was a happy meeting and a joyous reconciliation; in fact it was almost like a re-marriage. There was good advice gently given and gratefully received. Then, when the pastor had said his say, Hope came forward with a package from which she brought forth a neat frame. "Perhaps you would like to hang this somewhere near your wedding certificate," she said.

There, side by side, were the two apologies. Sam looked at Mabel's and Mabel looked at Sam's.

"I don't understand," said the wife, "I thought that Sam was right."

"And I thought Mabel was right!"

Then the Doctor quietly explained the matter of the different versions which to these middle-class people was absolutely new.

" I never felt so silly in all my life," said Mabel. But she was beaming, nevertheless.

" And I never felt so happy," said her husband.

The next day Sam said, " Miss Gladdison, that frame is on our bedroom wall and you bet it's going to stay there."

When Mr. Glendale made his next visit to Bellingham, Hope amused him with the story of the near-tragedy at the Harpson homestead. " Well done," he cried, " well done! O, wise young judge! A second Daniel come to judgment."

It happened not long afterward that the Church school narrowly escaped the loss of some other children through the separation of their parents. Mr. Jared Wallington had a cat; Mrs. Jared Wallington had a dog; both had tempers. In a way utterly different from that of the Harpson reconciliation, Hope brought the couple to some sense of proportion and propriety.

These experiences set the young woman to thinking about the whole matter of the parents and the Church school. One night she wrote in her journal, " I am coming to see that our most serious problem is not in the school at all but in the *home*."

Hope's soul became burdened with the knowledge that most of the fathers and mothers in Bellingham were utterly indifferent regarding the religious education of their children. They had no sense of responsibility in the matter. They allowed their boys and girls to go to Church school

when they wanted to and when there was no excuse for keeping them home, but they seemed to have no realization that it was there that character-molding and soul-saving truth was to be secured. They did not exert themselves to have the lessons prepared. By their attitude of apathy and their own non-participation, they begot in their children's minds a paralyzing disrespect for the entire school.

All this to Hope was a challenge, a call for thought and prayer and action. "What shall we do?" she asked at the next workers' conference after she had depicted the situation and Dr. Goodspeed had spoken even more strongly in the same vein.

They had some ideas. It is surprising how suggestions will come from any ordinary group when a problem once has been presented with power.

Deacon Carrington said that he thought that an occasional letter from the officers and teachers to the parents, setting forth, briefly but strongly and clearly, the ideals of the school and the service that it was trying to render to the children, would have a helpful effect. Later developments proved that the Deacon was right.

Dr. Goodspeed confessed that he had missed the opportunity to advertise the school in his pastoral calling and promised to drop a tactful word wherever it might do good. He said also that, while he might not devote entire sermons to the Church

school, he would frequently refer to it incidentally, so that his people all would understand his own great interest in the matter.

Hope told a plan about which she had read of sending to the parents quarterly reports, similar to those issued by the secular schools. "A good idea," said Roger Allison. "It will impress the fact that the Sunday school really is an educational institution and it will remind the fathers and mothers that their children ought to be regular in attendance and ought to make some reportable progress." The Bellingham school was added to those that have profited by this very reasonable plan.

Father Whitby was delighted with the prospects and he suggested that it would be a good idea to get the parents together once in a while, have them eat, and then discuss with them frankly the aims, services and needs of the school. It was decided to have the first general get-together within a month. Elizabeth Allison thought that it might be wise to have separate gatherings occasionally for the mothers of children in the different departments, and everyone agreed.

When these plans were put into practice a new era of happiness and usefulness was ushered in at the Church school of Good Tidings. Parents came to respect the school; and then, as a matter of course, the children also came to respect it. Attendance became regular; membership increased;

good order was the rule; lessons were learned and remembered. " We have laid the ax at the root of the tree," said the minister.

A little later a parents' class was organized, men and women with a new spirit thinking, reading, discussing, praying, to the end that they might become worthy of the marvellous dignity and privilege which God had bestowed upon them. And " Bellingham, the beautiful " became more and more " Bellingham, the blessed."

Hope and her associates found it necessary to make special studies and take special action in particular cases. There was Jack, who was taken away for automobile rides two or three Sundays a month; there was Ethel, who dropped out of school (with her parents' consent) because some of the other girls called her " Skinny "; there was Tom, who was taken to the golf course to act as his father's caddy; there was Susie, who had to stay home to help get dinner for the over-frequent Sunday guests; there was Millie, who gave up the school because her mother thought that her clothes, though very good and attractive, were not " decent " for church-going. The superintendent was too wise to suppose that she herself was always the proper person to approach the parents and reason them into interest and co-operation. Sometimes she suggested the pastor as the most acceptable missionary; sometimes a teacher; sometimes a neighbor or influential friend; sometimes, of

course, she herself assumed the task of persuasion. In most cases success was attained and the fathers and mothers were convinced that the Church school was a worth-while institution, important enough to be supported even with the inconveniences and sacrifice. So came the better day.

At Christmas time Dr. Ransom, beloved president of Hope's beloved college, came, with Mrs. Ransom, for a long-promised visit to the Gladdison home. Mr. and Mrs. Gladdison had shared Hope's eagerness and had more than seconded every invitation. The Ransoms came, as their host and hostesses had insisted, not for "a mere call," but for a real visit, which meant for the whole of the Doctor's holiday vacation. It was a most congenial party, the two men exactly fitted to bring out the best in each other; the two women natural companions; all four enthusiastic on one point, the excellence of Miss Hope Victoria Gladdison.

The people at Good Tidings, however, were more interested in two other visitors in the village, Herbert Ransom and Noble Ransom, two stalwart and handsome sons of the president, who according to understanding and arrangement spent their nights at the Inn, but most of their days at the Gladdison residence. Herbert was taking post-graduate work at Columbia, while Noble was a Junior in college.

"Them is lively boys that have come to see Hope," said Mrs. Alicia Grunger. In her mind

Herbert must be a suitor and Noble in all probability was a jealous and hated rival. It cannot be denied that the boys did seem to enjoy greatly the society of their father's favorite alumna or that other observers besides Alicia concluded that there must be some romantic explanation. There is no doubt that the two young fellows had, as they testified, "the vacation of their lives," with skating, sliding, sleighing, snow-shoeing, with parties indoors and parties out-of-doors, with many happy little occasions "just for a few." Manifestly they liked the jolly girl friends to whom Hope introduced them, but just as manifestly they liked Hope better than any other.

Here was more cause for worry to the good people at the church. It was bad enough to think of that editor, Mr. Glendale, taking their superintendent fifty miles away from them, but if one of these young fellows should supplant him, she might be carried across the continent or off to some distant land.

"Which is it going to be, Hope?" asked Mrs. Carrington. "No, don't try to look innocent."

Even Elizabeth felt perplexed and troubled. "Hope," she said, "I suppose it really is wise for a girl to marry a man of somewhere near her own age, isn't it?"

"Perhaps so, sometimes, if she thinks that way," was the somewhat enigmatic reply.

Elizabeth made another venture. "Hope, dear,

do you think that that ring that you showed me is quite safe? "

" O, yes, it is entirely safe, right here in my bag."

" Well," said Elizabeth, with wrinkled brow, " I *must* say—no, I suppose, though, I must *not* say."

VIII

THE ASSISTANT ORGANIST

HOPE GLADDISON and Dr. Goodspeed were discussing "The Frog." There was need that someone should discuss this poor lad and do it with sympathy and a desire to help. There was need that someone should become his real friend, for in all the fifteen years of his miserable life he never had had such a blessing.

Richard Battersby, so seldom called by his given name that he hardly knew it was his, was regarded as a "village character" and was the pitiable butt for the good-natured chaffing and the ill-natured ridicule of young and old.

"Them boys do make life interestin' fer thet 'Frog,'" Mrs. Alicia Grunger often remarked; but neither she nor anyone else could guess the habitual anguish and utter desolation of this abused and misunderstood young fellow.

The origin and propriety of the nickname were not apparent, unless someone had imagined that Dick's ambling gait resembled the motions that a frog might make if it had developed power to stand and ambition to walk, but it had been given to him years before and it seemed probable that it would stick to him till the very end of his days.

Even his most fervent well-wisher would have had to acknowledge that the boy was grotesque and laughable in his personal appearance. His hair was red, not auburn or sandy, but *red,* brilliant, startling *red;* it was stiff enough to have made a satisfactory scrubbing brush; and it was abundant enough to have covered three ordinary craniums. It was an uncombable, uncontrollable "shock," "mat," "mop," of fiery suggestion. What his complexion was no one could assert, for it was absolutely hidden beneath a coat of heavy brown freckles. His body had grown in spots, the arms and legs being much too long and the hands and feet much too large for the under-developed trunk. So queer did he look that not many people even noticed that his head was well shaped and his features finely chiselled.

People were accustomed to wink and to say of him, according to their various vocabularies, that he was "a little off," "a little out," or "not quite all there," or that he "had a screw loose," or "had rats in his upper story."

Hope had recently seen some things that had aroused her feminine ire. Turning a corner suddenly one day, she had beheld the agonized "Frog" surrounded by a crowd of tormentors, some of his own age, some younger, all of whom were teasing him to "give a grin." If he did smile they went off in paroxysms of laughter, while if he did not they danced up to him, poking

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him in the ribs or even in the face. When he attempted to escape, they formed an impassable ring and when, in desperation, he tried to strike back at some of his persecutors they found his awkward motions more irresistibly amusing than anything else. A group of giggling girls stood at a little distance, encouraging the boys to " show off " to the utmost. With the energy of a Carrie Nation, Hope had sent the rascals flying in all directions; but she was wise enough to know that she could accomplish in that way no abiding good.

It happened that Dr. Goodspeed also had been thinking about " The Frog." An incident at the railroad station had caught his attention and aroused his compassion. A flashy commercial traveller, stepping from a train, had beheld young Battersby and had burst forth with a loud guffaw.

" What in the world do you Bellingham folks call *that* thing? " he asked

Some smart Aleck replied, " Why, that's our mayor, the Honorable Frog Battersby!"

The drummer took another look. " Well," he said, " that sure would make a *dog* laugh."

Inasmuch as the " thing " had quick ears and a highly sensitive nature, the hour was not for him a pleasant one. But such experiences were extremely common.

Dr. Goodspeed and Hope were seated on the broad piazza of the Gladdison home, enjoying the cool, fragrant breeze of early July, and talking of

their common problems in the Church school. Both had it in mind to mention the Battersby boy and to seek some way in which to make his existence a little less burdensome. The minister told of the cruel jests at the railway depot.

"Then," he said, "I made it a point to see that boy alone. And, Norway and Sweden! he's nobody's fool! I confess that I had supposed that there was something lacking in him; but I found that he had a brain and a mighty active one. I suppose that the boys (young savages!) have seized upon his peculiar appearance and have just pestered him until they have made him believe that he is a half-wit. They have got him so nervous that when anyone speaks to him he is overcome with embarrassment and can hardly give an intelligent answer. Now, what can we do for him?"

"Just let me say, Doctor, that I think that we have hit on a much larger problem than the mere saving of Dick Battersby," Hope replied.

"This matter comes right back to our Church school, doesn't it? Some of those bullies are our own boys, big boys that we have supposed to be decent and little boys that we have supposed to be sweet. And those cruel, giggling girls are our own. Aren't we getting anywhere with our teaching? Are our scholars absolutely heartless? Do they make no connection between their lessons and their daily conduct? I've been thinking seriously

and I have come to the conclusion that our Church school and all other Church schools need to induce their members to give some practical application of what they are taught. I can think of a half-dozen cases in Bellingham of young people, who are not like Dick Battersby, of course, but who in one way or another need friendship and fellowship as much as he. Can't we Christianize our scholars? "

" Perhaps you are right, Hope," admitted the pastor. " Probably you are. Probably it is your mission and mine to help make morality something real and vital to these young folks. But if so, hadn't we better begin very definitely with this one case and then see where the Lord will lead us? What can we do for poor Battersby? "

They decided that the first thing to do was to find out the facts about him. In two days they learned that Battersby was the third name that he had borne in his brief career, he having had the fortune or misfortune to have been twice adopted. His first foster-parents were a giddy young couple in the neighboring town of Willford, who had taken him from the orphan asylum because " he was such a pretty baby, with darling blue eyes and red hair," and who had done their giddy best for him until, when he was three years old, an automobile accident left him once more an orphan. Two years later, for some unguessed reason, he had been adopted by John Battersby and his wife, peo-

ple never designed to be parents, people with no love or understanding of children, but with an ever-growing enthusiasm for dollars and cents. Miserable years followed for the unfortunate Dick, miserable years in the home, which he avoided as much as possible, miserable years in the schools, miserable years on the streets.

So dreadful were his experiences at school, where no teacher had the slightest tact in dealing with him, that he became an habitual truant. The school committee decided that " probably he never would set the North River on fire anyhow " and ceased to pursue him, so that after he was eleven years old he wandered as he chose. He was a student nevertheless, the village library being a constant source of comfort. Hope found that with the best books on nature-study he had gone to the fields and forests until he knew the rocks, the flowers and the trees and companioned happily with the birds and the squirrels.

" Why, that boy *knows,*" she reported to Dr. Goodspeed. " I doubt if a single student in our college had half as much information about the wild things or loved them half as well."

. " And he knows books too," replied the pastor. " I had a little talk with him and I found that he had been reading the best literature, the very best. I asked him what book he liked most of all and he said that sometimes he thought it was ' Adam Bede,' sometimes ' Les Miserables ' and sometimes

'Dreams' by Olive Schreiner. Good judgment for a fifteen-year-old? He said that he didn't like to try to name a 'best' because there were so many that were best for different moods."

They decided that they must get acquainted with him and win his confidence before they could do much for him with the boys and girls and his older tormentors. It happened opportunely that old Cornelius Ramsay, who had pumped the church organ from time immemorial, just then decided to go and make his home with his daughter in "Californy," and "The Frog" was made his successor. Each trustee had said, "No, no, no," and the organist had said "No, no, no," with great emphasis, but all yielded enough to say that they would give Dick a trial.

He had a queer way of looking at his task.

"I really would be *assistant organist,* wouldn't I?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said Dr. Goodspeed, "that's a fact; Mr. Coolidge couldn't give us any music unless someone was up there behind the curtain giving him support with the pump-handle."

"Then, I'll do it," Dick exclaimed, "and I'll be a first-class assistant."

And he was. He was never late. He was never asleep when the organ was needed. He was never too weary to supply all the air that was required.

The fact that he was assistant organist gave his would-be friends a good many opportunities to

talk with him and establish points of contact. Oftener and oftener he went to the minister's home and to the superintendent's home, always very awkward and embarrassed, but revealing more and more a great, fine nature. They found that, as in body he was developed " in spots," so he was in mind. There were ways in which he seemed to have but the mind of a little child while there were others in which he seemed almost a genius.

It was a great day for him when Hope presented to him a copy of her new book, her second long novel, she having now won an assured place among America's younger writers. " I'd like to write a book," he said.

" Perhaps you will some day. What would you like to write about? "

" I think I'd like to write about clouds—something as that Olive Schreiner wrote about dreams, you know. Those clouds up there, some of them beautiful and some of them dreadful, they seem to me like the hopes and fears that men and women have, most of them without much substance to them, most of them changing their form and color every minute."

Hope marvelled. Was this " The Frog "? Was this the village half-wit?

" Yes," she said, " perhaps you will write a book some day. I'll help you if I can. You'll find it hard work though, the hardest kind of work."

"That's what I want—the hardest kind of work and the sense of doing my best!"

It was Mr. Glendale who discovered some of the most surprising activities of this amazing mind. He and the lad were fine friends from the beginning. He was able to look through the thick freckles and see the beautiful face beneath and he was able to look through the grotesque body and see the soul with rich endowment and noble ideals.

"There are some questions that I never can answer," Dick said to him one day. "Perhaps you can. Now it seems to me that there must be some last point up there in space if we should travel far enough. But, Mr. Glendale, what's beyond that point? And it seems to me that there must have been some first moment in time. But what was before that? And it seems to me that God must have made all things, made them in some way or other. But where did God come from?"

The great editor did not laugh. He had had those questions often enough—but not at fifteen.

"How did you come to think of those things, Dick?"

"I don't know how. I just think of lots of things. I can't help it."

"Well, you have thought of three questions that I can't answer, that the wisest man in the world can't answer. But please keep on thinking."

"That boy has a great future," Mr. Glendale told Hope. "I think that I'll take him to the city

and give him a chance away from the horrors of Bellingham."

"No, please don't do that," she objected. "Just give us a chance to remove the horrors."

Dick Battersby needed friends. He needed a good man friend. Roger Allison enlisted. He needed a good woman friend. Hope herself was admirable. One by one the older people of the Church school were taken into confidence and asked to do something to make life endurable for "The Frog." But while the children misunderstood him and pestered him, there could be little joy for him. Hope knew it.

One afternoon she called to Tom Davies, a handsome lad of fourteen, a natural leader.

"Come in, Tom, I want to show you something," she cried. "Mildred Tarbell is here." Mildred was not the prettiest girl in Bellingham, but she was the wittiest and the most popular.

"I want to show my dog to you two. What do you think of him?" She led in an ugly and most ill-conditioned cur that she had found wandering in the street.

"Well, he's a dandy—*not!*" exclaimed Tom.

"Put him out," cried Mildred, starting to open the door.

"No, I thought that we could have some fun with him. I've got some little irons here that we can heat and we can have great sport running them into his sides." She actually produced from

the kitchen three rods with red-hot ends. "Just go for him, Mildred!" she said.

The children thought that their beloved Hope had gone mad. Neither of them could have been induced to torment a dog or a cat.

"Won't you play the game? Well, at any rate, here are some long, sharp needles. Let's see who can make him yelp the loudest!"

Tom Davies looked his hostess straight in the eye. "What's the point, Miss Gladdison? I know you've got something up your sleeve. You're right about it, too, probably. Let's have it."

"I see that you're very tender-hearted folks," she said. "You won't harm a little, good-for-nothing dog. What are you doing to *Dick Battersby?* What are you and all the other boys and girls doing every day to one of the best and brightest young fellows there is in Bellingham? I wonder if you are so very tender-hearted, after all."

"Why, 'The Frog'? He doesn't care! He doesn't know enough to care!" Tom expressed the current opinion.

"O, but he does care!" she exclaimed. "And he does know! He has a wonderful brain. You call him 'Honorable'! He's as likely to have that title some day as any boy in the village."

Tom looked skeptical.

"Let me see," said Hope. "Was there not once a tall, uncouth rail-splitter who became quite a prominent citizen?"

"O, but he's so queer!" declared Mildred. "We can't help making fun of him."

"Do you think it's any fun for him? Don't you know it tortures him worse than you would torture the dog with those needles?"

The children hadn't thought. That was the explanation. They were not heartless or vicious. When Hope told them what she and Dr. Goodspeed and some of the others had been doing, and told them that more than all else Dick needed boy friends and girl friends, they were eager enough to respond.

"I'll invite him to my party!" exclaimed Mildred.

"We'll have him to the picnic!" cried Tom.

Hope laughed. "I love you for that," she said; "but, really, would Dick have a very good time at the party or the picnic? No, you'll have to wait a couple of years for that. What you can do now is to stop this dreadful pestering that is driving the life and hope out of him. You are leaders. Go about it quietly. Don't say that there is such a campaign on, but just use your influence. And you, Mildred, speak to him when you meet him as though he were a human being. And you, Tom, go with him for a hike and have him up to your house."

Tom and Mildred were true to their bargain. Other children, without knowing it, followed their example. "The Frog" was "picked on" less and

less, and, because happy, he overcame much of the oddity that had made him a laughing-stock. He earned money and bought clothes not resembling those of Ichabod Crane. Under the direction of Dr. Hubbell he took physical training that gave him the proper shape of a human being. Most of all, however, the respectful treatment of the older people and the companionship of boys and girls, grown wiser and kinder, helped him to get a start toward a real life and the fulfillment of the high possibilities seen in him by Mr. Glendale and other people of clear vision. So all things were made new for Dick Battersby and he himself was made new.

Several months later Dr. Goodspeed and Hope were again in conference, this time before the big open fireplace at the Gladdison homestead.

"You said something to me, Hope, when we began to talk about this Battersby boy," the pastor began. "You said that his case was only one of many and that we ought to make our gospel mean more in the daily lives of all the children of Bellingham. I quite agree with you and I am ready to do what is necessary."

"Will you say that at the next meeting of our officers and teachers?"

He did; and the right-minded men and women in that group, learning for the first time the full history of Dick's deliverance, were deeply moved. They discussed other cases. Someone spoke of a

family of children practically ostracized because they were not clothed as well as their mates. Someone remembered pretty Ruth Endersee, with whom no one would associate because her father had gone to jail. Someone told of the Amerson children, who, because of a sister's disgrace, had, in the popular mind, been foredoomed to sin.

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" asked Dr. Goodspeed, recalling a proverb as unjust as it was ancient.

"The whole horrible caste system, as it exists in almost every Church school, is utterly unchristian," cried Hope, "and I think that it is time for us to do something about it."

They did something about it, quietly, tactfully. Teachers made special endeavor to have their scholars see the common, every-day application of the lessons, taught in the Church school. The spirit of Jesus was emphasized more and more. Particular friends were found for those in particular need. The result was that because of the experience of "the assistant organist" the whole life of Bellingham became sweeter and nobler. Christianity was applied then and there.

On an April Sunday, when Hope had been superintendent of the Bellingham school about three years, she had an experience which greatly distressed and thoroughly mystified most of her friends. The closing services were in progress when a messenger entered.

" It's a telegram; no, it's a cablegram, for Miss Gladdison," he said to someone at the door.

Hope heard him, trembled and turned pale. Dr. Goodspeed thought that she was about to faint. " Can I do anything for you? " he asked.

" Please close the school," she whispered, and ran down the aisle.

She seized the message and dashed with it into a classroom. Elizabeth Allison went to her at once, and her father and mother and others quickly followed. She was sobbing as though her heart would break.

" O, my darling, what is it, what is it? " Elizabeth cried.

Hope only murmured something about " Christiania."

" Hope, dear Hope, is someone dead? " Dr. Goodspeed asked it very gently.

" No, no, no! Someone's alive. He's alive! He's alive! Father, mother, he's *alive!*"

IX

THE SHOCKING MR. BENDERGAST

IT was surprising to find how many people in Bellingham had understood (according to their own statements) practically all about Hope Victoria's engagement.

Mrs. Carrington said to the Deacon, "There, you see! I surmised all the while just how things stood!" Her husband did not contradict her, though the voluble lady never had happened to mention her suspicions.

Mr. Roberts convinced himself and tried to convince his associates that he had seen beneath the surface of the situation from the first. And Mrs. Alicia Grunger made haste about the village, greeting every acquaintance with a self-satisfied nod and saying, "Didn't I tell you so? Didn't I say all along thet no sich gal as thet Gladdison gal never would marry no sich man as thet Glendale man?" As a matter of fact she never had told them so, but not many took the trouble to deny her unusual prescience.

The absolute truth was that Hope's friends were vastly astonished at the explanation of the mystery that had surrounded her romance, an explanation that had to be made following the receipt of

the cablegram from Norway and her unchurchly conduct in the Church school.

When a young man, just graduated from college, joins an Arctic expedition of great danger and uncertain length, he accepts hardship and suffering for himself and may justly be credited with some heroism. It should not be overlooked, however, that his journey involves considerable heroism for others to whom he may be very dear—to his father, for instance, if he chances to have one, and to his sweetheart, for instance, if he chances to have one.

Arnold Glendale, Junior, captain of the baseball nine and captain of the football eleven, had been Hope's best man friend from the beginning of her college life, and when, at the end of her junior year, he delivered his valedictory oration, he was almost engaged to marry her.

Then came the opportunity for a few "red-blooded" young men to go to the North for explorations important to scientists and likely to be of world-blessing. Arnold met the requirements and felt that the service was one that he could not afford to miss; so, with his father's consent and with Hope's encouragement, he set sail for Norway and the realms of the Ice King.

Before he left, Hope took his golden circle, with the engraved initials, kissed it, and promised to carry it always until his return. She thought it not wise to wear it, however, or to announce her

engagement, or to take into her confidence the inquisitive and talkative people of her home town. Only her father and mother in Bellingham knew that her love for Arnold Glendale, the editor, was but that of a prospective daughter, knew that her fervent prayers were for a wanderer in the far and frozen northland.

It was over four years since the explorers had set forth, and two of these had been for the waiting father and sweetheart years of excruciating anxiety. Arnold's expedition was the famous one which came to grief when beyond the lines of communication and which for weary months after weary months was believed to have been lost. The great editor was a man of stout heart and sturdy faith, and for long he refused to believe that disaster had overtaken the party; but, at last he wavered, and Hope was alone in her confidence that a rescue would be made. "I *know*," she always insisted. "Call it intuition, if you choose—or say that God tells me."

How little do we dream of the heart-burdens of those whom we daily meet on the street! How little do we understand of the problems and the struggles of even our nearest associates! "Light-hearted Hope!"—that is what she was called by the folks at Good Tidings, by even Dr. Goodspeed, her pastor, and Elizabeth Allison, her most intimate chum. So cheerful, so merry, was she in her manner and speech that her own father and

mother sometimes forgot just how dreadful was the suspense in which she lived.

And now came the cablegram from Christiania, the justification of her persevering faith. A searching party, the third sent out, reached the explorers, "just in time," fed them, nursed them, brought them back (most of them) to civilization and safety. The newspapers and magazines of the whole world vied with each other in giving honor to the intrepid scientists and to the persistent rescuers, successful at last. But for days and weeks just one phrase repeated itself over and over to Hope, the one that first sprang from her lips, "He's alive! He's alive! He's alive!"

Now into the annals of the Good Tidings Church school enter Mr. Bendergast, enter the surprising Mr. Theophilus Bendergast. Villain or hero? On that point opinions might differ. On that point opinions might change.

The Bellingham *Banner,* typical small town newspaper, was sold, sold with its little subscription list, its job printing department and its "goodwill." Perhaps it should be said that it was sold *again,* for since the death of its octogenarian founder five years before it had had a series of "editors and proprietors," each of whom left town with more experience and less cash.

"What kind of a chap is this new victim?" asked Mr. Adam Adams of his next-door neighbor.

"Well, if beauty is a sign of success, he'll be bankrupt in less than a week."

Mr. Bendergast surprised and even shocked his new fellow-citizens from the very first. His physical appearance was against him, for one thing.

"Them eyebrows is big enough for three men!" exclaimed Mrs. Grunger.

"He makes me think of a great, dark thundercloud," said Mrs. Harper, "—and I'm afraid in a tempest."

"That bushel of black hair," said Miss Purkman, "ought to belong to a Russian bomb-thrower."

He was not prepossessing, though, strangely enough, little children liked to walk beside him and even to take his hand. And Mrs. Bendergast, a jolly little woman with beauty enough for two, averred that he always looked good to her.

Bellingham people found it hard to understand how this man, who had been all over the world and who was said to have been welcomed by the great city journals, should choose to settle down as editor of a village newspaper. While his New York cronies said, "It's just another of Theo's freaks," at the same time sighing at the thought of his ample house in the country and his delightful garden, his new neighbors suspected some "Ethiopian in the woodpile." So his mere presence in their midst was shocking.

Then he soon began to do queer things, and in

some communities the unusual seems almost as reprehensible as the actually immoral. Colonel Gibbings, from whom he bought his home, had had the place thoroughly posted against intruders. Mr. Bendergast took down all the prohibitory signs and substituted placards saying, " Trespassing Invited. Hunting, Fishing and Berry-picking Allowed. Campers Welcome." That shocked a good many people.

The case of Huldah Dremington shocked a good many more and shocked them more deeply. Huldah was a very foolish girl and perhaps a very wicked girl. When she so disgraced herself that even her own father and mother would not own her, that strange Mr. Bendergast, aided and abetted by that strange Mrs. Bendergast, opened their doors to her and her babe. Some folks declared that they were giving direct encouragement to vice.

It was through the columns of his newspaper, however, that the new editor chiefly shocked and offended. In the very first issue after he took possession, the *Banner* commenced to say things, to say them in a way to command attention and often in a way to arouse intense ire. Mr. Bendergast was not conciliatory by nature or policy. He had a conviction that a newspaper ought to serve its community and he thought that one way for it to serve was to point out good things with praise and to point out evil things with protest. He wrote

strongly of Bellingham matters—whether tactfully or not is a question.

He drove a quack doctor out of town—and offended some of that gentleman's admirers. He protested against the ridiculous prices charged by some of the village merchants—and lost a lot of advertising. He advocated a good swimming pool for the boys and girls, with suitable bath-houses,—and was criticized as an interloper and meddler. Nevertheless he seemed to prosper. People just *had* to read the *Banner* to see what shocking thing he would say next.

When he published his article on "Un-beautiful Bellingham," going into particulars about buildings that ought to be painted and yards that ought to be cleaned, there was widespread indignation. "That's getting a little too personal!" was a general exclamation. Deacon Carrington cancelled his subscription. The next day, however, he called on the editor, held out his hand, and paid for two years in advance. "We've needed you," he said, "and I'm with you."

He had ventured, rough-shod, on so much sacred ground, that no one was greatly surprised when this man of the trenchant pen came out with a series of articles on the church-life of Bellingham. He wrote some very pleasant things; and he wrote, with utter frankness, some very unpleasant things.

"The people in this town," he said, "are not interested in religion; they are not half interested

in it or a quarter interested in it. They do not value it enough to bother themselves about having their children possess it. The Church schools are poor affairs, not one of them faithfully attended or intelligently supported. The Good Tidings school, under the management of Miss Gladdison, is the best; but that is not more than thirty per cent efficient." He went into details. He resorted to ridicule and sarcasm. It was a shocking article, a maddening article; but it was consistent with his editorial policy, wise or otherwise.

Dr. Goodspeed, at the height of his indignation, called on the iconoclast—and left feeling that he had neither accomplished much nor done himself much credit. Then Hope Victoria called.

The superintendent and the editor faced each other inquiringly. Then two pairs of eyes began to twinkle. Hands clasped and Hope knew that she had a friend and ally of great power.

"You exaggerated, Mr. Bendergast, in speaking of our Church school."

"Should I have said that it was fifty per cent efficient instead of thirty?"

"No, you should have said *twenty-five!*"

She told him of the school as she had found it, of the efforts she had made, of the progress, of the obstacles yet in her way, of her hopes and plans. Then she said, "You will not be surprised when I say that I have come here with an invitation, or if you wish with a challenge. I have noticed

that whenever you have complained about community conditions, you have been ready to do your share toward reform. I now expect you to become my adviser and loyal supporter."

"Miss Gladdison, I have been looking for you. I have known in advance about what you would say and I have had my answer ready. It was ready before I wrote that article. I am a man of religion, though people may not think so. I believe in the things in which you believe. You may depend on me, Miss Gladdison, for whatever I can write or give or do."

Dr. Goodspeed called again, in better mind, and he, too, gave welcome to this vigorous man of unusual appearance and utterance, but of wisdom and good intent. The pastor was destined to have the sincerity and depth of his welcome put to early and severe test.

Hope accepted, with gratitude but without unseemly thanks, Mr. Bendergast's offer of free publicity and of financial support. She received very thoughtfully his suggestions about additional equipment and changes in management.

"Yes," she said one day a little later, "all this is good. But I want something more. I want *you.*"

He laughed. "Me? Shocking *me?* Just where do you think that your conservative friends would enjoy having me serve? As assistant superin-

tendent, or, what I would like best, as teacher of your kindergarten? "

"Mr. Bendergast," Hope persisted, "be serious and tell me frankly just where the most serious weakness of our Church school is."

He was sober and thoughtful a moment. "Well," he declared, "one of the greatest weaknesses is in that awful adult class. When I think of what it is and what it ought to be, I certainly shudder."

"I agree with you," Hope replied. "And I think that you had better teach our adult class, our new adult class that we will have under your guidance."

Here surely was a revolutionary if not an actually seditious proposition. The adult class had been a feature of the Good Tidings Church school for three-quarters of a century and it was eminently respectable. At present there was a membership of a dozen saints, exclusively female, and an ordinary attendance of half a dozen. No one could doubt the propriety of calling it an adult class, for the youngest member was fifty-three years old and the average age was over sixty-five. This faithful company read the lesson from the Quarterly each Sunday and listened to a sermonette by the minister, the speaker feeling weary and decidedly bored and his hearers, if the truth were told, sharing his sentiment. Yet, as such a class had

always been, it had been assumed that such a class must always be.

" If you and Dr. Goodspeed decide that you want me to teach a class of men and women in applied Christianity, rely on me. But you had better get the Doctor to ask me."

" How many members would you demand? "

" Well, I'd like a hundred; I'd hope for twenty; but I'd demand no more than one if he were fairly regular in attendance."

Hope's next problem was to win Dr. Goodspeed. She went to him with a book on the modern adult movement and with pictures of notable classes that had been developed in communities no larger than Bellingham. She told him frankly that their school was failing to render its proper service to the men and women of the parish; she told him that the difficulty in holding the adolescent children came from the fact that the grown people did not set them an example in attendance or show respect for the Church school; she told him that the whole institution was weak because it did not have the inspiration of adult membership.

The pastor flushed and was inclined at first to be defensive. Then he held out his hand, as she knew he would, thanked her for speaking plainly and offered to do his best.

" But I have been here a long time, Hope, and I am hampered by the tradition of little things. I do not see how the people could be drawn into that

class of mine. A new minister could make a fresh beginning and do large work. You had better have a new minister." He was still hurt.

"Not that at all! Let's have another class with a layman as teacher."

Dr. Goodspeed was skeptical about any work that Mr. Bendergast could do in the Church school, the eccentric and unpopular Mr. Bendergast, but promised his co-operation. And a very loyal and persistent co-operation it proved to be.

There are two ways of organizing adult Church school classes, both having points of merit. One is to do a vast amount of preliminary work, have a banquet with some fervent speeches and begin with a large pledged membership; the other is to commence with a small nucleus and seek for constant growth because of the magnetism of the lessons and the importance of enterprises undertaken. Hope and Mr. Bendergast chose the latter plan.

The pastor announced from the pulpit that at the Church school session a new class for men and women would be formed, with Mr. Theophilus Bendergast as teacher and that the topic for the first lesson would be "Christianity and the Community Spirit." Again the people of Good Tidings were shocked. Glances, some of amazement, some of amusement, but none of approbation, passed from hearer to hearer. Mr. Bendergast indeed! Who was so crazy as to suppose that the people of Bellingham would sit and listen to his wild harangues!

It is said that when a certain great university was founded the faculty and student body could walk under a single umbrella—one teacher and one student. The new class at Good Tidings could have been covered by a parasol, for it had one teacher and no student. Not a person heard that first talk, though Mr. Bendergast put his outline on a blackboard and remained smilingly until the end of the session. The next week there was a gain—for Mrs. Bendergast joined the class. Then for a month those two held their meetings in a corner of the auditorium, going through all the formalities and apparently having delightful lessons. They organized their class, with a president and secretary, they named it " The Altruists," they gave their reports of perfect attendance. The people remained resentful and obdurate in spite of Hope's personal solicitations. Then, one Sunday, she read the announcement that " The Altruists " were to hold a class picnic. Everybody laughed and that broke the ice. There were a dozen people in the class at its next session, including Mr. Gladdison, Deacon Carrington, and Dr. Goodspeed's adults, the pastor having been excused on account of a headache. There was a lively discussion on the topic, " Christianity and the Prison," not many agreeing with all of Mr. Bendergast's startling suggestions, but all feeling stirred and stimulated. The next Sunday the adults were present again, the Doctor with them, and there were half a dozen of the leading

citizens of Bellingham, all keenly interested in the discussion of "Christianity and the Labor Movement." The word discussion is used advisedly, for Mr. Bendergast was no monopolist of time. He had a way of outlining a subject and turning it over to the class, the members of which surprised themselves and each other with their eagerness and intelligence. Once in a while he would drop in some suggestion, usually shocking, which would give new impetus to the thought.

In three months the class had a membership of sixty people, keenly interested, and was one of the liveliest features of the Bellingham church. It had a new president, Graham Appleby, one of the merchants who had threatened to drive that pesky new editor out of town, and a new secretary, our friend, Mrs. Roberts. Dr. Goodspeed, released from the thralldom of a class in which he was not interested and set free to take a group of High school boys who loved him and who needed his guidance, felt as though he had received a new lease of life.

The "Altruists" proved to be worthy of their name, for they did not limit their activity to discussions on Sundays and banquets on week-nights. They became doers of the word also, leading in works for community welfare, giving liberally for philanthropies, local, national, and international. A great Church school leader from Chicago said, "I have never seen a finer organized adult class

than that at the Good Tidings church in Bellingham.

Mr. Bendergast was not driven out of town. He continued to live there, to say surprising things, to shock the residents and to do them good.

"Queer chap, that Bendergast!" exclaimed Roger Allison.

"Queer! I call him atrocious!" replied Mr. Gladdison.

"Yet I rather like him."

"Yes, so do I, rather, sometimes and in some ways!"

It was not long after the organization of the "Altruists" that Hope Victoria went to New York to meet a steamship incoming from Norway.

X

A SCRIBE FOR HER MAJESTY

IN teen-age vocabulary, Ned Lewis and Bob Sinclair expressed the universal verdict regarding young Arnold Glendale.

"He's a dead sure winner!" Ned declared.

"He's the eighteen-carat sure thing," agreed his chum, "and it's no wonder that Miss Gladdison would fall for him!"

It had always been that way. Everybody had liked Arnold as a matter of course, and, as a matter of course, he had returned the compliment. From cradle to college he was the favorite, not only of his mates, but of all the members of their families. Then followed four years of athletic, scholastic and social success, during which his popularity was attended by the most complimentary of nicknames: "Doc," "Old Doc" and "Dear Old Doc." His head might well have been turned, but, somehow, it seemed impossible to spoil this sane young American. President Ransom, who loved him next to his own boys, said, "Providence gave him rare and abundant gifts and then trebled their value by adding an indestructible modesty."

The junior Glendale came to Bellingham to

spend at least six months and took up his residence with Landlord Manson at the Inn. His purposes were clear in his own mind and indeed frankly acknowledged. He came for special study, for special writing and for special courtship. He thought and everyone thought that after his four years of exile and strenuous exploration, he was entitled to some of the joys for which his mind and heart were hungry.

" He's a man's man," said Deacon Carrington.

" He's a boy's man," said Frank Morrell.

No one said that he was a lady's man, though in the best sense of the term he surely was. People were impressed by his football physique, won by his ever-friendly smile, drawn by his irresistible magnetism.

" Why," said Alicia Grunger, " he ain't stuck up, not a bit, even ef his pictur wuz in all the York City papers; he treats me jest ez ef I wuz real folks! "

It will be seen, then, that the suspicion and resentment that had been the portion of the editor of the *Torch-Light,* when it was supposed that he was an aspirant for the hand of Hope Gladdison, were not manifested toward his returning son.

" We don't want to lose our superintendent," said Roger Allison, " but we can't expect her to remain single forever just to please us; and if anybody is going to take her away, it would better be Arnold Glendale than any other man of whom I know." Thus he expressed the general feeling.

As for Hope, she was supremely happy. If there had been any slightest doubt in her mind that the man she met in New York would be as dear to her as the one to whom she had said good-by, it was instantaneously dispelled when he stepped from the steamship. She saw an Arnold grown older, matured by suffering, more deeply thoughtful, but as compelling in his speech and manner as when he had won her in college days. "He's my *man*." "He's *my* man." Without hesitation she allowed him to place his ring on her finger and when she returned with him to Bellingham she wore the shining emblem where all could see.

The congratulations that Arnold received were variously phrased; some, coming from boys and girls and from very simple people, were strangely expressed. It is not likely, however, that anyone would have dissented from the words of Dr. Goodspeed. "Young man," he said, "you have the prospect of companionship with one of the choicest girls in the world. She seems to me to be a white soul. There are, however, many varieties of whiteness. There is one whiteness that is dull and dead and there is another that is aglow, alive, magnetic. Hope Victoria is a shining soul."

Arnold was intensely interested in everything that interested his Hope. He was proud of her tennis; proud of her poetry and fiction; proud also of her Church school at Good Tidings. On his first Sunday in Bellingham, he watched her with

smiling eyes as she conducted the service and as she moved quietly but efficiently about her other duties.

"That's a work for which you are fitted," he told her, and then, as she had expected, he asked, "Is there any detail in which a mere man from away off up by the North Pole could give you welcome assistance?"

Hope could think of twenty possibilities; but she quickly settled on one. It happened that Miss Margaret Mortan, who had been a faithful secretary, according to her light, for more than half a century, had come to the conviction that she was entitled to an honorable discharge. Hope had felt from the first day of her superintendency that the school needed, not only a new secretary, but a new conception of what such an officer could and should accomplish. Miss Mortan was a small woman, with a small face, a small voice, a small vision and a small enthusiasm. Each week she presented a small report, her countenance and manner, whether her facts were disappointing or highly encouraging, always expressing extreme melancholia. She rose wearily at every closing service, read in a monotone the attendance of each class, gave the total, reported the weather conditions, and wearily took her seat. It would have been impossible to reform her and it might have been ungracious to ask for her resignation; but when she suggested her own retirement, Hope inwardly sang a hallelujah.

"Of course you can assist me, young man with the business head," she replied, when Arnold volunteered, "you can help give Miss Margaret the permanent vacation that she deserves. Let's go a little slow and study our subject first; then, when we know what a good Church school secretary is like, I'll put you into the office as temporary incumbent. Start the work for us during your six months in Bellingham, incidentally training some bright assistant to be your successor."

The task was one that particularly appealed to the visitor, eager to attack some real problem and to see real results.

"It's a bargain," he cried, bowing very low. "Behold in me a man highly honored, scribe most obedient unto her majesty!"

The two young people had several long talks on the subject, sometimes taking the counsel of Dr. Goodspeed, sometimes that of Mr. Glendale, Sr., and sometimes that of the shocking Mr. Bendergast. They tried to determine just the function of a secretary in such a school as that at Good Tidings. Should he be merely a recorder and reporter? Should he represent the ever-famous (or ever-infamous) family of the Dry-as-dusts? Should he be as mechanical as the clock? Should he give the impression that the school was engaged in the process of "letting the old cat die"?

Hope wanted a secretary who would help her build "a going, glowing, growing school."

They read books together, these queer young lovers, who might have been supposed to be devoting every moment to romantic dreaming. They read all that Cope and Lawrance and Athearn had to say about the Church school secretary; and they found a good volume by McEntire that was devoted exclusively to their subject and that contained a wealth of wise suggestions.

"With all this theory, I'd like to see a little actual practice," said Arnold. "Let's go visiting."

In Provinceburg, twenty miles away, there was a great Church school with a noted secretary. Hope excused herself from Good Tidings one Sunday and with Arnold went over to see how success was won. The superintendent and the secretary were clear-headed men, sharing a conviction of what religious education ought to mean for their community and willing to give time and thought for a cause of supreme importance. Evidently they were perfect partners, each impressed with the work of the other and each determined to supplement the other to the best of his ability. It was surprising how little the machinery of the school was in evidence. The secretary was not a noisy or obtrusive man, and his assistants were not allowed to interrupt the work of any class. There was, however, a spirit of business and accomplishment in the school. At the proper time, the reports were given briefly, joyously, triumphantly, inspiringly, the many perfect classes then and there re-

solving to be perfect every Sunday, and those with absent members resolving to hunt up their wanderers.

The secretary invited Hope and Arnold to his home for dinner and in the afternoon explained in detail just how he did his work. In fact he worked in their presence, for they discovered that only a part of his task was performed while the school was in session.

"This is my contribution to the cause of the Lord," he told them. "My pastor understands that, while I am interested in every phase of our church's activity, I intend to concentrate my efforts right here on the big job that has been put into my hands. I could do a thousand things poorly, but I prefer to do this one thing well. Yes, I put a lot of time into this work and a lot of thought; moreover, believing it to be very sacred, I put a lot of *prayer* into it."

Arnold and Hope decided to make out in black and white a comprehensive statement of what a secretary of the Good Tidings school might do if he had all necessary time, all necessary material and all necessary co-operation. They believed that such an outline would be a helpful guide in planning exactly what, under existing conditions, could be accomplished. Here are the twenty-five points that they set down:

1. To secure enrollment cards for all members, giving data in regard to addresses, classes, church

relationships, and relatives who should come into the school at once or later, and in the cases of children, ages and positions in the day school.

2. To enter on enrollment cards additional information from time to time.

3. To keep an accurate record of the attendance of each member of the school.

4. To report school membership each week, comparing it with that of the corresponding date of the previous year and the previous month.

5. To prepare graphic charts showing increase in membership.

6. To report to membership committee and superintendent any pupil in apparent danger of leaving the school.

7. To record any losses in membership, giving pupils' reasons for leaving.

8. In cases of removal from Bellingham, to report to some school in town to which pupils have gone.

9. To report to membership committee and superintendent any probable new recruits as suggested from cards of present members.

10. To report attendance each week, comparing it with that of the corresponding Sunday of the previous year and the previous month.

11. To make prominent the largest previous attendance of the school.

12. To prepare graphic charts or to use the

" thermometer " or other device for emphasizing comparisons in attendance.

13. To have charge of the roll of honor for regular attendants.

14. To have charge of the system of honorary pins given for regularity of attendance.

15. To report absentees to teachers, calling attention to the number of successive absences.

16. In cases of continued absence to report the matter to the superintendent and the pastor.

17. To send greetings to all absent pupils, varying with the number of absences.

18. To call attention of teachers to any significant facts gleaned regarding pupils.

19. To supply visitors with credit cards which may be turned in to their own schools.

20. To send parents occasional reports of what the school is doing, and of what it requires.

21. To help the superintendent in securing newspaper publicity.

22. To notify officers and teachers of mid-week conferences and to keep accurate record of such meetings.

23. To make reports of the school to the denominational and interdenominational Church school associations.

24. To conduct the other correspondence of the school.

25. To carry himself with a spirit of optimism

and aggressiveness that will help to make the school happy and successful.

When this list was first set down, Arnold threw out his hands in appeal. "Worshipful superintendent," he cried, "it just happens that I have only a hundred and sixty-eight hours a week! Don't you think that I ought to be allowed at least one in which to eat and another in which to sleep?"

Hope, however, knew that detailed planning and clear thinking, did not necessitate additional labor.

"Possess thy soul in patience, Most Honorable Scribe," she said; "if you will give me three hours a week, one while the school is in session, one on Sunday afternoon and one on a week-night, you may have the other hundred and sixty-five to follow your own sweet will. You will, of course, have what assistants you need to attend to different phases of your work. For instance, I can get Jack Twombly, who is a genius with his pen and ruler, to make out your graphic charts; and I can get Flora Hendrickson, who has a clear head and devoted heart, to take entire charge of the honor roll and the pin system. Moreover, as we learned at Provinceburg, the printing press will do a large part of your work for you."

Arnold expected to attempt only a few portions of the work at first, but he soon found that his task simplified itself and grew intensely fascinating. Enrollment cards, giving space for the neces-

sary facts about the pupils and their families, were printed and, under the direction of the teachers, were filled out, so that he at once had a clear understanding about the constituency of the school. These were filed for frequent reference and alteration.

The old class record books were abandoned and a card system was substituted, each class having a double pocket envelope, one side being for the cards of scholars present and the other for the cards of absentees. Only a moment of class time was required to separate the cards, which were properly punched by the secretary when they came to his desk. Each card, by its perforations, revealed at a glance the record of its owner.

Arnold and his helpers were able, in a few minutes during the session, to compute the attendance for the day and to make the required comparisons, so they were always ready to give their reports at the closing assembly and to have them posted where every attendant could see them as he left the church.

Mr. Bendergast's printing press proved to be one of the valuable allies of the Church school, and that peculiar gentleman once more manifested his eccentricity by declining to accept payment for any of the work that he did. Points 6 and 9 made necessary the preparation of blanks to be filled out in duplicate and mailed to the membership committee and the superintendent; point 8 required a

form letter to be sent to out-of-town schools; points 15 and 18 called for report blanks to be filled out for the information of teachers; point 16 demanded notes for the benefit of the superintendent and pastor; this proved but the beginning of the use of printer's ink. Many suggestions were drawn from the published volumes on Church school administration, though it was necessary, of course, to adapt the ideas to the local needs at Good Tidings.

One of the most important points was number 17. No wandering member was allowed to think that he was unmissed or unregretted. A " follow-up system," approaching in persistence that of a modern business house, was devised, but extreme tact was used in order that it might do more good than harm. To some of the pupils appropriate picture cards were sent, expressing the hope that there would be immediate return to the school, these cards being varied week by week, and, if not successful, being followed by carefully-worded letters. With other and older members, the letters were sent for each absence. As time went on, experience taught the secretary what was likely to be successful in each case, and he was quick to vary his method when it seemed desirable. He never made the mistake of believing that a card or letter was as effective as a personal call by the pastor, superintendent or teacher. He and Hope were quite persuaded that attendance at Church school

should approximate in regularity that at day school and should not be a matter of mere momentary whim or convenience. Happily they secured the agreement and co-operation of both parents and pupils.

Each Sunday afternoon Arnold secluded himself with his blanks and made up a batch of mail for officers, teachers and scholars. It took but little time and he delighted in the systematic work.

In point 25, calling for optimism and aggressiveness in his personal bearing, Arnold found a great opportunity. He was gifted with the qualities of a good mixer and a good platform man, and he made the reading of his reports a feature of the closing service to which even the wriggly boys looked forward. No contrast could have been more pronounced than that between Miss Margaret Mortan and her successor. When she gave a report it seemed as though the sun was setting, but when Arnold gave one it seemed as though it was noonday in glorious weather. Whether he used the word " progress " or not, the thought was always conveyed by voice and his manner.

In less than a month it was clearly apparent that the work of the new secretary was bringing results. The graphic charts showed increase in membership and increase in attendance. That was not all, however, for it seemed that fresh interest and vigor prevailed throughout the entire school. It was understood, of course, that the test

must come later, when the charm of novelty had passed, but that a most promising beginning had been made no one could doubt.

"Arnold and Hope are going to make a great team when they are married," said Mrs. Lombard.

"They are a great team now in that Church school of ours," replied Deacon Carrington, "and we've got them harnessed to just the proper load!"

If almost anyone in Bellingham had been asked to name the happiest girl in the world, the instantaneous answer would have been, "Why, Hope Gladdison, of course!" She looked so. She acted so. Why not? A comfortable home, devoted parents, a wealth of friends, an upright and manly lover, perfect health, the promise of a high place in literature, success in her chosen work for the Church—what more could have been desired by any reasonable young woman?

Elizabeth Allison, however, knew that a great sadness dwelt in the heart of this friend whose life seemed so near the ideal. Arnold's father knew it and her father knew it; but she had few confidants regarding her deepest experiences.

After the first weeks of their renewed companionship, she had felt a certain restraint, a strange, intangible barrier, between Arnold and herself. She denied it over and over again, but at last she had to recognize it. It was like her then to face the fact and to seek clear explanation.

"What is it, my dear, that you are holding back from me?" she demanded.

"I have done no disgraceful thing."

"Of course not."

"I have been true to you, Hope, in deed and word and thought."

"I know that you have, but I know also that there is something that you are concealing. Tell me frankly, for I have a right to know."

What he told her was almost overwhelming! It was so unexpected! It was so incredible!

"Arnold, Arnold, this cannot be! You are not yourself!" She took his hand and held him away, looking intently into his eyes. Then she had to believe.

He looked at her, straightforward. "I am glad that you know, my Hope," he said. "I have understood that I must tell you and tell you soon. And now, what? Are you going to desert me?"

"Desert you, Arnold? Desert you? Do you think that I am a woman of that sort? No, I shall stand by you, dear man, for you need me more than I ever dreamed."

XI

CHRISTIAN CHRISTIANITY

THERE are Indians and Indians. There are red Indians who live in America and there are brown Indians who live in Asia, and the two are quite different in history, character and needs. In most adult minds the distinction is clear, so clear that teachers often forget that in many juvenile brains it is hazy or nonexistent. Children in Hope Victoria's Church school will not soon be confused in the matter, and Tom Davenport and Barbara Haskell never will. For Tom *was* a red Indian for a little while and Barbara *was* a brown Indian.

Mrs. Elizabeth Allison, superintendent of missionary instruction, staged a simple little trialogue, written by Richard Battersby, Tom wearing a blanket from the southwest and a feather headpiece, Barbara clothed like a little Hindu maiden, and Natalie Bancroft, all in white and carrying an open Bible, representing the Spirit of the Church. In five minutes the school received a most effective lesson in cosmopolitan Christianity.

This was one event in the carrying out of a large program of missionary education by which

the Bellingham Church school was transformed, glorified, Christianized.

Out of deep sorrow oftentimes comes vision and activity and great usefulness. Hope was inexpressibly shocked and grieved by the revelation that Arnold gave. Her lover a skeptic! This man, idealized in her thought, now confiding to her that he found it impossible longer to believe the doctrines that were the very foundation of her intellectual and spiritual life! She, bound by love and troth to one who could never kneel with her in prayer or take the symbols of a common blessed faith!

"Oh, Arnold, my sweetheart," she cried, on that first day of confession, "every day during that awful separation I commended you to the care of our Heavenly Father and was reassured, and every day I supposed that you were asking Him, in faith, to comfort and sustain your American girl. Oh, Arnold, did you never send up a single prayer for Hope Victoria?"

"Why, no, dearest, not after my convictions were formed—that is, not prayer in the sense in which you use the word. There were wishes enough, fervent wishes of good that I would have paid for with my life if need be, but wishes, however earnest, are quite different, I suppose, from your kind of petitions."

"Yes, Arnold, altogether different."

She drew from him the details of his departure from the simple faith that was regnant in her heart.

Three young men had sailed together on that expedition of daring that had been expected to unlock for human blessing the mysteries of the Arctic. Arnold and a charming chap named Joe Stephens had passed through college practically untouched by current materialism, but their companion, Rudolph Albertstein, brilliant university graduate, had become an atheist and a scoffer. Older in years and keener in debate, he had unsettled with his arguments the faith that they quite unthinkingly had held. Not to him, however, did they completely surrender. It was Professor Hendrickson, the scientist of world renown, joining them at Christiania, who led them to absolute denial. He did not argue with them. He showed no desire to convince them. But, smiling quietly at their ideas, which he regarded only as childish superstitions, and dropping an occasional word, he had more influence on their thought than would have been possible for the most skilled dialectician. Arnold felt himself bereft, poverty-stricken. Often he would cry out in desperation, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!" But he could not lie to himself, not for the sake of his own comfort, not even for the sake of her whom he loved better than life itself.

So he journeyed far and long. And so he came

back to Hope Victoria, rich in the science of the temporal things that are seen but poor indeed in the knowledge of the eternal things that are not seen. Over and over Hope questioned him closely, unable to comprehend how he could doubt the truth of doctrines that to her seemed as certain as her own existence.

"Do you mean that you really cannot believe in a life after death?"

"Why, dear, how can I believe in it when I understand that all thought is just the result of a series of chemical reactions, just the product of the brain, and must cease with the disintegration of the body?"

"And do you not hold that there is some great underlying and all-explaining *purpose* in the universe?"

"All I can see is a struggle out of nothingness, through suffering, back to nothingness."

"And God—do you mean that you have given up your conception of a Heavenly Father?"

"Well, Hope, I can see Force, but not Fatherhood—just blind Force."

"Arnold, my best beloved man, you are wrong. Do not trust the poor logic of the petty human mind. Let the Infinite speak to you. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. Come back, dear. O, I pray for the day when you may have *God* again. I know that we shall be united in both faith and work."

" I would like to believe! O, Hope, dear, you cannot know how I long to say what you want me to say. I'll try. But I must be honest, dear; I must be honest whatever the cost."

" I want to read your books," she declared.

He raised his arm in protest. " O, no! Keep your faith while you can. Try to have enough for both of us."

" I shall read," she insisted. " It's a poor faith that must be hedged in from investigation. I want to read so that together we may come to a Gibraltar of truth."

It was out of her great love for Arnold and her overwhelming desire to bring him to the light of the Gospel that Hope received her vision of what ought to be done in and through her Church school. " Let me convert this dear man," she prayed and the answer seemed always to come, " Preach the gospel unto every creature." Was she indeed supremely selfish in her desire that this one man, her own, should have the light and the life? The more she prayed that he might come, the stronger returned that great commission, " Every creature." It could not mean that she herself was to travel afar and in person deliver the Christly message; for she surely had a mission sufficient in her own community. Then came the revelation. She must put the " Go ye " spirit and the " Give ye " spirit into the Church school which was her God-granted responsibility. She

must impart the missionary vision and the outreaching spirit to every member of that beloved school. Scholars young and old must be interested, to the point of great sacrifice in giving the good news of Christianity to all the people of Bellingham, to all the people of the state, to all the people of the nation, to all the people of the world.

The church in Bellingham had been considered generous in the matter of missions. Dr. Goodspeed had fulfilled the letter of the law in presenting regularly the appeals of the great missionary bodies, and, though he had done it without much fire or electricity, his parishioners had made respectable, if perfunctory, response. Even in Church school the duty of spreading the gospel was mentioned once in a while, and in one of the classrooms there was a picture of David Livingstone—a hero, it must be confessed, confused in the minds of the pupils with some of the prehistoric deacons of the church, whose likenesses also adorned the walls.

Hope caught a vision of a church made truly Christian, filled with such enthusiasm for truth and such love for mankind that selfish withholding would be absolutely impossible. She was wise enough to see, moreover, that it was through the enlightenment and inspiration of the young that the transformation was most likely to be accomplished. Her Church school pupils, from the kindergarten babies up, must be educated to take

seriously the great commission, " Go ye into all the world."

Her first step was to learn what was done about missionary education in other successful schools. She wrote to Dr. Hollymore, who since the institute at Balsam Bay had remained her very good friend, demanding that he give to her all his old ideas and perhaps a few new ones in regard to missionary education. Then she read books, adding to Dr. Hollymore's suggestions many good ones that she found in " Missions in the Sunday School " by Hixon, " Missionary Methods in the Sunday School " and " Five Missionary Minutes " by Trull, " Missionary Education for Juniors " by Hutton, " Graded Missionary Education in the Church School " by Beard, " Missionary Education " by Diffendorf, "Training World Christians " by Loveland, and other fascinating volumes. The biographies of great modern apostles, hitherto almost unknown to Hope, she found more intensely interesting than any fiction.

This literature made a strange combination with the books of materialistic science that Arnold put into her hands. Perhaps it was well that she read the two during the same weeks, for she was enabled to keep her mental balance, avoiding both a highly sentimental Christianity and a crude and barren rationalism. Constantly she prayed that her lover might come to share her happy truth and, though he found conviction impossible, she

never for one moment lost faith in his enlightenment. "He is so fine and noble," she assured herself, "that God must be preparing him for some high mission." And Arnold, enthusiastic in his work as secretary, greatly served a Master whose face he could not see and whose voice he could not hear.

Hope proceeded rather slowly with her missionary plans for the Church school at Good Tidings. There was the minister to be won first of all. Dr. Goodspeed said that he "had always believed in world-wide Christianity as a matter of course." The problem was to get him to believe in it as a matter of *force*. He was quick enough to promise full co-operation with whatever aggressive plans Hope might devise, and gradually his complacency gave place to glad and eager activity—for this pastor was a noble man, always loyal according to his light.

After a number of private conferences with the key people of the Church school, Hope felt that the time was ripe to present the matter at one of those highly popular meetings of the officers and teachers. The gathering was at her home, Mrs. Gladdison being happy in preparing the food and drink, something more in her line than either Hope's poetry or her religious education. The young superintendent's approach was not especially novel but it was very effective.

"Brothers and sisters," she said, "we are all

well fed. Ought we to do anything for the starving people of the world? And we are blessed with something far more important than food for the body. We have the bread of truth. Ought we to do anything for our fellow-men who are languishing for this ' glorious good news of the blessed God '? It seems to me that there is no worthwhile religion that is not altruistic. And I have come to believe that we are recreant to our responsibility unless we train our Church school members, young and old, in a *Christian* Christianity."

" Right," said Roger Allison, " I want Junior to think more about what he can give than what he can get." Everybody smiled at this new evidence that the proud young father brought every question to the test of that lad of six months who was for him a most important part of a glorious universe.

" Your quick agreement is going to cost you more than you suppose, Sir Roger," Hope exclaimed.

" I'll try to consecrate my purse," he replied.

" It's not that altogether," she said. " We have been talking this matter over and we have decided that your wife, Elizabeth, is just the person to be our superintendent of missionary instruction. We must have someone with vision and ability to have general charge of the work for the whole school and, then, as many assistants as she needs. Roger,

Junior, is old enough now so that Elizabeth can leave him with his nurse once in a while, and we know that she is the exact leader that we need."

Roger made a grimace but consented to act as messenger; and Elizabeth, greatly pleased, accepted the important task. To her the officers and teachers pledged their interest and loyal cooperation.

One of the first suggestions that Elizabeth carried out was in regard to the appeal to the eye. She had three quite large frames made and put into them sheets of heavy gray cardboard upon which different illustrative material could be hung week by week. No glass was used. Then she set her nimble wits to work to supply something interesting to be shown. Maps with the mission stations indicated, pictures large and small showing customs and costumes in different parts of the world, portraits of missionary leaders, handwork illustrating world-wide Christianity and furnished by classes in her own school, clippings from magazines, illuminated texts and mottoes—these were but a beginning of the treat that she prepared for eager eyes. Especially did she take advantage of Jack Twombly's ready pencil and brush, and with him she prepared posters which made great Christian sentiments stand out in a way not to be forgotten. " If you know something; you owe something "; " Freely ye have received, freely give "; " Attempt great things for God; expect great things

from God"; "Hath not God made of one blood all nations of the earth?" "Find your Macedonia"—these were among the thought-quickeners that Elizabeth and Jack printed. The frames were transposed week by week, so that each text or slogan came to the attention of all the members.

"Wal, I s'pose them heathens is human arter all," said Mrs. Alicia Grunger one Sunday, "an' I hates to think of 'em bowin' down ter wood an' stun. I s'pose I orter do a little sunthin' more fer 'em." So a general sentiment in favor of an outreaching Christianity began to pervade the entire school.

This was increased by a tactful use of missionary exhibits. Once in a while all the members assembled to look at something brought from a far country—on one occasion some dishes and chop sticks from Japan, on another a queer little idol from Central Africa, on another a group of oriental dolls correctly dressed to show the costumes of China. It was found that Mrs. Lombard, now deeply interested in a vital Church school, had a real genius for presenting these objects so that they would make a vivid impression, and Elizabeth delegated to her that portion of the work. There were other exhibits of smaller properties, not appropriate for platform use, and these were loaned to the classes in which they would do the most good. A dozen coins from India caught the attention of a class of boy collectors and provided the

indispensable point of contact, while a string of beads, made from sea shells, did as much for a company of girls. There was no constant appeal for money in connection with these exhibits. They were shown as a part of a general "campaign of education."

Once a month there was a gathering of all the older classes for a missionary program from the platform, something always brief, pithy, convincing. Sometimes a little stereopticon talk was given; sometimes a traveller, perhaps a returned missionary, gave a short account of one of the foreign work fields; sometimes a thrilling story was told; sometimes a playlet was presented. It was at this point that Richard Battersby, formerly known as the unfortunate "Frog," proved to be Elizabeth's very helpful ally. Hope had known that in combination with all his eccentricities he had a genuine literary gift, and she dreamed of the time when with his pen he might make a name for himself. Now she and Elizabeth set him at work, and though they could not use all his very uneven products, they secured from him several missionary plays and stories that would have been remarkable from the pen of any boy of his age.

"Do your best for that lad," Mr. Glendale, of the *Torch-Light,* said to his son, Arnold. "He has a future." Arnold did his best and his best was very good indeed.

Missionary instruction was not confined to the

platform. It was dignified with an important place in the work of every class. Hope had heard of a school in which one person was selected who visited all classes on successive Sundays, presenting the "Go ye" message according to the needs of the varying grades, and she suggested to Elizabeth that such a worker might be found at Good Tidings. The plan did not work well. Miss Juanita Harmon, gifted and charming, undertook the task and succeeded wonderfully with the younger children; but Miss Juanita was not designed by nature to teach adolescent boys and girls. "Let's divide the work," said Elizabeth, "for few people would be versatile enough to present the same subject effectively to old and young." The outcome was that there were three visiting teachers instead of one. Thus came success.

The work by visitors was not the most important, however. Every teacher was made to feel that the missionary aspects of the regular lessons should be emphasized.

"Don't make the subject a bore," Dr. Goodspeed advised at a monthly gathering, "but just naturally show how all through the Bible the thought of a giving religion is constantly implied."

"I don't just now think of any thoroughly selfish chapters in the old Book," said Deacon Carrington.

The response of the children was surprising even to the most sanguine. It was seen that there was

no foundation for the fear that there would be revolt against missionary teaching.

"We want more stories about Africa and Asia," cried the girls. "Yes, and more about the poor folks in our own country," cried the boys. Of course, the response in interest led to the response in sacrifice.

"If you cannot go, what must you do?" Hope asked every once in a while, and the reply was always immediate and unanimous, "Send someone else."

The children wanted to give and so, indeed, did their elders. The task was to supply the financial method which should best take advantage of the general interest and help to make it permanent. The envelope system, by which all members gave regularly for the support of the school, was thoroughly established in Bellingham and there was no difficulty in introducing the two-pocket envelopes, one section being marked "For Ourselves" and the other "For Our Friends in Need." The beautiful printing, black on one end and red on the other, caught the eye and added to the success of the plan. Each member of the school now received a package of the double envelopes and agreed to contribute a given amount weekly for work at home and another amount for work abroad. The money received for missions was kept in a fund by itself and was voted for different objects by the business board, the children al-

ways being fully informed about its division. As the pledges read "At least" the members could give more than their usual offerings whenever any special plea was made.

"How does it work?" a fellow-minister asked of Dr. Goodspeed when the plan was well under way.

"It works," he replied, "so that our Church school will give more for missions than our whole church did heretofore."

"You don't say so! And what about the church itself?"

"Well, we shall multiply our offerings by four and I think by five."

The courtship of Arnold and Hope Victoria, saddened by one great fact, appeared to the world to be perfectly happy. "Well mated," was the universal verdict as the young couple walked down the street, bound for tennis or canoeing. With what astonishment would the people of Bellingham have learned of the girl's great yearning to convert her lover or of his burning desire to be converted!

A letter came to Arnold postmarked at Copenhagen.

"Let's see what you have with that queer stamp," Hope demanded.

She read the letter, which he quickly passed to her, and her heart sank within her. But if she had known the outcome of that message, she would have been willing to pay, a million times over, the cost of postage.

XII

THE FIX-UP AT GOOD TIDINGS

MRS. ALICIA GRUNGER supplied the name. She had a knack of inventing, quite unconsciously, the terms that she needed, and often she produced something far more pat and magnetic than anything that the dictionaries could have furnished. Had anyone said that at the Church of Good Tidings there was "a movement for remodelling and redecorating the rooms and securing proper equipment for the Church school," the thought would have been lost in the verbiage; but when Alicia went about proclaiming excitedly and repeatedly that there was to be "a grand fix-up," everybody, adults and children, knew exactly what she meant and caught her enthusiasm.

"Yes," she said, "our Hope's got some more big idees and in course they ain't nuthin' fer us to do but to carry 'em out!" That was now the general attitude toward the young superintendent whose "big idees" had in so many cases proved wise and useful.

The name helped. Mr. Bendergast kept it in print. Hope liked it and used it in private and public. Even Dr. Goodspeed quoted it more than

once. Everybody adopted it. It suggested both the fact that something needed to be done and the fact that it was to be done.

It was soon after Arnold had received that surprising letter from Copenhagen that Hope felt that the time was ripe to advocate the "fix-up," and so heavy was her heart that she was glad to have the extra burden to fill her thoughts. Her lover was going away—that was what that Danish postage stamp had signified. Arnold, whom she needed so much and who surely needed her, was going away and was going before she had been able to re-convince him of the truth of that beautiful gospel by which her own life was moulded and guided. Truly the invitation that had come to him implied a very high honor. He was called to return to Scandinavia to assist the leaders of his polar expedition in making their reports and to engage with them in study of the acquired facts. O, she was proud about it! She was woman enough to rejoice, deep in her heart, in spite of the pain of separation. She grieved, however, that he must go forth with such great loneliness upon him, parting from her, and being himself without the sense of a Heavenly Father's companionship.

Arnold was to be respected as an earnest seeker for light. He was no brutal iconoclast, laughing at the destruction of that which he and others had held most sacred. For Hope's sake in part, but also for his own sake, he willed to believe. Yet

the influence of Professor Hendrickson, quiet materialist, was not to be shaken. "I must be honest! I must be honest at any cost!" the young man exclaimed again and again, and neither Hope nor his gifted father could convince him that in his case honesty and Christian faith could exist together.

There certainly was at Good Tidings need of renovation and equipment. Hope had been aware from the first that in the fulness of time she would have to propose something radical, but she had felt that she must move slowly, studying the problem for herself and at the same time gradually establishing the Church school in the confidence and respect of the parish. So, while she had added a few articles of equipment that had seemed absolutely necessary, she had not attempted the immediate transformation that she knew was indispensable for full success. Now had come the time for action.

"Roger," she said to Mr. Allison, "we always have a fine time when our business meeting is held with you and Elizabeth, and there is a particular reason why I want everybody happy at the next one. You are invited to invite us."

"Come with your cohorts," he replied. "As far as you folks are concerned, our door is not only ajar but actually torn off its hinges and thrown away."

Not with minds altogether unprepared did the

officers and teachers gather at the beautiful Allison home. Hope made it in her way to meet the different members privately and to confide a little of what she had in mind, so that each attendant at the meeting had a preliminary feeling of partnership in her plans.

"We have been asking ourselves to do something that no manufacturing concern would think of requiring," she said, after they had eaten and settled for business. "We are trying to work in surroundings that make full success absolutely impossible and any success difficult, and we are not providing for ourselves fit and adequate tools for our tasks. Now I think that it is time for us to be a little more sensible, partly out of justice for ourselves and more out of justice for the pupils who rely on us for their religious education."

"I'll say 'Amen,'" said Deacon Carrington, "though I don't know what you are leading us into."

"Well," she continued, "I have been reading a good deal, besides looking about among progressive schools, and I know that our rooms are not what they ought to be. Our classes disturb each other; frankly they disturb each other very much."

"Yes," said Lucy Woodman, "my boys, who were supposed to be studying the Sermon on the Mount last Sunday, got so much of David from Deacon Garrett on the right and so much of St. Paul from Mrs. Benedict on the left that I didn't

have a chance to give them much Jesus." Deacon Garrett arose and saluted her, and Mrs. Benedict followed with a curtsey.

"And," persisted Hope, "the author of the last book that I read declared that in all his travels he never had seen a fully equipped school. If that is so, I am certain that he would say that ours was not more than one-half equipped or even one-third. Let's get equipped."

"Well, what do you want and how much do you want?" asked Roger, taking out his purse and pretending to offer her his loose change.

"I don't know what I want and I don't know enough to know," Hope admitted. "I've read the catalogues enough to have some ideas, of course, but the plain fact is that there is no one in Bellingham who is wise and experienced enough to decide just what we ought to do. We are amateurs faced with a situation calling for professional judgment. What would a business firm do in such a case?"

"I see your point," said Roger. "It would call in an expert and that is what we ought to do —but could we get one?"

"My plan," said the superintendent, "is for this meeting to petition the parish committee for co-operation. They are good and loyal men when they see a point. With their support, I would like to send for Dr. Hollymore, who is a specialist in regard to Church school buildings and equipment. I would like to have him come, for pay of course,

and spend several days, including one Sunday, in studying our situation. I would like to have him view us with the perspective that is hardly possible for a resident of Bellingham. Then I would have him tell us what he would like to have us have if we could get it."

Mr. Bendergast, jubilant, struck the table with his fist. "Sounds something like civilization," he muttered.

"I'll give fifty dollars," exclaimed Deacon Carrington, and his wife nodded her approbation.

"Of course I will," said Mrs. Roberts.

"Of course I will," said Roger.

"Wait, wait," cried Hope. "Dynamics first, dollars afterward!"

The trustees were not difficult to win. They were thoroughly devoted to Hope, each member believing her to be his especial protégé, and, moreover, they were now kept fairly well posted, by written reports and by personal elaboration, regarding the work of the Church school.

Being men of affairs, they were interested in the financial aspects of the matter.

"It strikes me," Dr. Hubbell remarked, "that this is likely to mean a bill of four figures. Has the Church school any such amount of money in its treasury?"

Hope laughed and there was contagion in her confidence. "Now, gentlemen, *dear* gentlemen," she cried, "where do you think we should look for

the money? When the church auditorium was redecorated two years ago, how many figures were there in the bill? Four, of course; and the first was not a 'one.' When the organ had to be repaired, how many figures were there in the bill? Four, of course. When we sent dear Dr. Goodspeed to Europe for his vacation, how many figures appeared on the check? Four, of course. There is no great difficulty in raising money in this parish if we are in earnest about it. Now, isn't the fitting of children for churchmanship and citizenship important enough to pay something for? It would do our people good to spend a little something for religious education. They might then be somewhat more interested in it."

Dr. Hubbell assumed an attitude and expression of woe. "Little did I think," he exclaimed, "that that infinitesimal girl baby of mine ever would become such a burden on this abused community!"

The expert came. Dr. Hollymore, who, since the institute at Balsam Bay, had been both hero and friend to Hope Victoria, was a large, ruddy, handsome man, rather quiet in his manner, but manifestly moved by universal good-will. The glint of humor in his eye made him popular with old and young. He was a most unobtrusive guest, declaring that, having been called as an observer, he would be out of place on the platform. Not a half dozen people suspected that the strange gentleman, sitting with Mr. Gladdison, was regarded

as foremost among the religious educators of the country or that he was the author of half a dozen standard books on Church school management.

He stayed three days in Bellingham, carefully studying the plant and the situation, and on his last night reporting to a joint meeting of the Church school board and the church trustees. It was evident that he was impressed deeply by Hope's work as superintendent and her success in developing a spirit of enthusiasm and aggressiveness.

" But," he said, " this consecrated young woman has accomplished all this under very difficult conditions. Why not make your school here at Good Tidings an object lesson of what schools in such communities ought to be? I know of none better qualified to take the leadership. I am so much interested in this matter that I will contribute my services, coming to you two or three times if necessary, if you on your part will put enough thought and money into the enterprise to have it done right. Then, perhaps, I will write a book about you."

" How much will it cost? " asked the business men among the trustees.

" A good deal," he answered, " but not as much as you may fear. You have room enough, only it is not wisely used."

It would have been possible to have raised most of the necessary money then and there. Deacon Carrington offered to double his fifty dollars and

Roger offered to multiply his several times, saying that he wanted Junior to have a fit place for his education. Everyone wanted to give and to give generously.

"Think how much we have been paying for the education of our children in secular matters," said Dr. Goodspeed, "and how little for their training in morals and religion!"

As a matter of fact, there was no financial difficulty about the project. The Ladies' Aid Society gave; the Mission Circle gave; the Men's Club gave; several former residents of Bellingham gave. One man, with a state-wide reputation, sent a hundred dollars "in grateful recognition of the service that the old Bellingham Church school rendered during years when ideas and ideals were being established." Then the classes got the idea of earning money for the improvements, and glorious times they had in doing it. Neither Hope nor Dr. Goodspeed were obliged to solicit one penny. The trustees of the church assumed the entire financial task and their special committee declared that they "had had the times of their lives," and that they could easily have raised twice as much. Somehow the people were delivered from the old obsession that Church schools ought to be supported on a one-cent or a ten-cent basis.

The first problem was one of floor space. Dr. Hollymore insisted that the Beginners' Department and the Primary Department should have

separate rooms, ample for their needs even when membership should more than double; that each Junior, Intermediate and Senior class should have a separate room for recitation; and that the older classes should be so located that there could be free discussion without mutual disturbance. He also advised separate opening services for the younger departments, the Intermediates, Seniors and Adults meeting together in the church auditorium.

At first thought it seemed absolutely impossible to secure the suggested accommodations, especially as the former assembly room was used for church suppers, but the visitor was as nimble with his pencil as the most expert architect. " It's my responsibility to find the way," he declared.

He studied corners, the tower, a disused gallery, with astonishing success, and was able to announce that with a few partitions and a considerable development of the heating system, acceptable rooms for most of the older classes could be provided without taking them to the former Church school level.

Downstairs the changes were to be more radical. The kitchen was to be moved to the basement (incidentally giving the ladies double their former working space) and connected with the dining room by electric dumb-waiters. Then the Beginners and the Primary children were to have good rooms, shut off from each other and from other

classes by sound-proof walls. The stage was planned to accommodate one class, as was each of the dressing rooms. Other classes were to have spaces around the walls of the main room, with rolling doors which could be raised instantly and noiselessly. Good storage places were provided so that Church school property could be kept without the usual litter and confusion.

When Dr. Hollymore drew his plans on the blackboards, there was a general expression of astonishment.

"You are a wonder, Doctor!" exclaimed Deacon Carrington.

"No," he replied, "the wonder is that the great majority of churches go on year after year wasting more than half of their Church school space and therefore wasting more than half of their efficiency."

The plans were made in April, Arnold was to leave in October, and Hope desired to have most of the work done during the summer, when she might have his daily counsel and assistance. As a matter of fact, June, July and August saw most of the plans accomplished. Everyone seemed interested, the contractors and their workmen as much as anybody. Good carpenters, good plumbers, good painters, did their best and took pride in the results.

It was a bitter-sweet summer for Hope, Arnold seeming farther and farther away and yet nearer

and nearer every hour. She felt that she ought to be happy in the enterprise at Good Tidings, in the loving support given her by old and young, in the prospect of a school doubled in usefulness. Yet her heart ached; for her lover was going to a far country and, in a very sad sense, he was in a far country already.

The mere rearrangement of floor space was only the beginning of the " fix-up " that Dr. Hollymore suggested. " Your paint disputes with you," said the expert, meaning that dull and dismal colorings were not consistent with " the glorious gospel of the blessed God." Walls, ceilings and floor were transformed, not into gaudiness, but into warmth and beauty. And the walls were not left bare nor covered with advertisements and the portraits of " the charter members " at Good Tidings. There were many worth-while pictures, appropriate for a school which was studying the Bible stories, the life of Jesus, the world beautiful and a Christian America. Not every possible place was filled at once, however, for it was recognized that classes, having begun to earn money for such works of art, would wish to continue.

Then came the furnishings. For every class there was a good table, with a drawer, for Hope well knew that a group gathered about a table as a center of thought and fellowship would do twice as effective work as one strung out on long benches. Chairs were found which were at once comfortable

and strong enough to withstand service with active boys.

There were blackboards sufficient so that the superintendent and secretary could have all that they needed and that any teacher could have one upon request. Maps were purchased, maps illustrating Old Testament times, New Testament times, modern times. Relief maps helped to make topography clear.

There were new desks for the officers and a sectional book-case for the teachers' reference library. The American and Christian flags, with appropriate standards, were placed at the right and left of the platform. There was a large and handsome bulletin board, black with movable white letters. Even the detail of beautiful vases for the class tables was remembered.

And Dr. Hollymore had said "a good lantern, of course." So it was arranged that the windows could be darkened and a lantern was purchased capable of showing not only slides but postcards or any small objects. As a matter of fact, Mr. Arthur Grenthall, a wealthy and eccentric bachelor living a few miles from Bellingham and supposed to have no interest in churches, had called on Dr. Goodspeed one day and had said that he would like to make some contribution toward the work of which he had read. His contribution proved to be the price of the lantern and outfit, "as good as

could be bought," given in memory of his little nephew.

In September came the reopening, a rally-day indeed. Children had been kept out of the church during the "fix-up," and now were summoned to gather and see their new Church school home. There was no need of urging, for curiosity was at white heat.

"Attendance was not merely a hundred per cent but nearly a hundred and sixty per cent," said Arnold Glendale, the secretary, by which he meant that the number of visitors was more than half that of members. And many of the visitors immediately joined the classes. Several of the workmen who had helped about the transformation were there with their families.

Dr. Hollymore came on for the day, and this time he did not refuse to take a place on the platform. He was as delighted as were the Good Tidings people themselves, and he said in each department just the right word to give Hope's work a new start. There was good music everywhere and good speaking everywhere, and the spirit of gladness and consecration everywhere.

"Gee, that's some Sunday school," said Fred Cole (no longer Freddie). "You bet you can't keep me away after this."

Mr. Bendergast published in the *Bellingham Banner* long accounts of the new plant and of the rally day. "Now," he said, "having a place in

which it is possible to do respectable work, that Church school will be able to hold the respect of pupils and the respect of parents. And, offering them proper facilities with which to work, right-minded men and women will be willing to act as teachers."

Hope was overwhelmed with congratulations.

"It's all your work," she was told over and over in spite of all her protests.

"You ought to be a very happy girl," everyone said—almost everyone.

"O, I am," she said, "a *very* happy girl." And then, being a real girl, she went home and wept, wept in part because of her joy and in part because of her grief.

Three weeks before Arnold was to leave, his father came to town, excited and radiant. He wanted to see Mr. Gladdison at the earliest possible moment, and when the two had talked for fifteen minutes one was as excited and radiant as the other. Next Mrs. Gladdison was taken into conference, then Arnold, and then, at last, Hope Victoria.

"Well, daughter mine," said Mr. Glendale, "I'm going to buy four tickets for Copenhagen to-night. The publishers have just agreed that the *Torch-Light* may be edited in part from Denmark for a few months; and your father and mother have decided to go over with Arnold and me. We're delighted to spend a little time together

in that wonderful city. It wouldn't be possible, I suppose, to persuade you to go with us."

Hope made a reply not strictly original. "Why this is so sudden!" she exclaimed.

"Come to Denmark, get some new local color for your stories, study Thorwaldsen in the original"—thus the editor persuaded one who needed no great persuasion. To be in Copenhagen with Thorwaldsen, that would be wonderful. To be in Copenhagen with young Arnold Glendale, that would be heavenly.

"But what about my Church school?" True to her responsibility, Hope would not leave until she had made sure that her work would be carried on during her absence. Then, with her beloved and her best beloved she boarded the beautiful steamer, *The United States,* bound for the North Sea, Christiania, and the wonder city, Copenhagen.

XIII

THE SUPERINTENDENT "IN ABSENTIA"

HOPE spent much time with the folks in the steerage. That was like her. Her heart went out to those humble but wholesome Scandinavians—to the grandparents, still sturdy, returning to close life where it began; to the fathers and mothers, sacrificing greatly for little visits to childhood shrines; to the boys and girls, eager for a glimpse of the great north country which was the scene of their best-loved stories. There was no filth on this boat and no abject poverty, but there was need of friendship and leadership. The people "down below" welcomed this radiant young woman, who manifestly came to them, not in condescension, but in pure good-will. Especially did the children take her to their hearts, crowding about her when she had tales to tell, and shouting with glee when she had new and jolly games to suggest.

Arnold shared her trips to the steerage, partly because he was ever her devoted escort, partly because he was not only puzzled, but greatly gladdened by her enthusiastic helpfulness. He compared her with most of the other women on the decks, superficial slaves of self who spent their

hours dozing in steamer chairs, reading perfervid novels, playing bridge and poker, and smoking innumerable cigarettes. What was it that made her so utterly different? He knew that she must have some secret of life which these unfortunate butterflies, mocked by their follies, most sadly lacked. He, though his ambitions were not as puerile as theirs, also lacked something, something to make his life rich and satisfying. Could Hope guide him to the pathway of peace?

"Why do you choose to make yourself housemaid and nursemaid and recreational director for those peasants?" he asked her. She looked at him sharply and saw that there was no lack of sympathy in his heart.

"The one reason that I know," she replied, "is that I cannot stay away. These people seem to need me more than anyone else on the boat, so as a matter of course I give them part of my time."

"No," he said, "you are mistaken. There are some other folks aboard whom you have not seen and they need you even more—the stokers. I suppose you will be going down into the depths of the sea to give even them a bit of sunshine."

"Yes, dear," she answered quietly, "and you will go with me." He did.

Hope Victoria, having a good sense of proportion, did not spend all her time in the steerage. The party had their chairs in a cozy corner on the second deck and there, as all normal travellers

should, they read and rested and visited and joked and discussed the problems of the universe. For all twelve days the weather was kind, giving not even Mrs. Gladdison an excuse for seasickness. The temperature was almost tropical in New York harbor and almost arctic off the Orkney Islands, but all discomforts were forgotten because of the glorious pageantry of the sunsets, the majesty of the serene Atlantic and the sublimity of the evening sky.

One of Hope's joys was the reading of her wonderful batch of steamer letters, not the mere half dozen that she had expected, but, from college mates, Bellingham neighbors, literary friends, and especially her Church school associates, over a hundred messages of love and good-will.

"It would seem that you are slightly popular with those people at your church," Mr. Glendale remarked.

There were letters from the minister, from trustees, from officers and teachers, from classes, from pupils old and young. Mr. and Mrs. Bendergast sent one that made her choke with laughter, and Roger, Jr., (or someone who forged his name) expressed a devotion that brought moisture to her eyes. In fact there were many tears as she read, but they were not tears of grief.

These letters brought keen reminder of the farewell reception that had been given for Hope and her fellow-travellers. Not only the whole Church

school, but the whole parish had gathered to pay their respects and to offer their good wishes. Roger, Sr., had consented to act as her substitute on condition, as he insisted, that she would consider herself "superintendent in absentia." He had helped her loyally in preparing to leave the school in perfect running order, so that every teacher knew just what was expected for months in advance, so that supplies were all on hand, and so that pupils were filled with determination to make glorious records while she was away. Then he, with the help of Elizabeth, planned the Godspeed, a meeting with many phases—good music, delicious food, friendly talks, fervent prayers, pledges of fidelity, handshaking enough to lame a professional athlete. Hope was very proud of the travelling case bought with gifts from pupils, including the oldest and the youngest, and Arnold was touched when Dr. Goodspeed assured him that he was appreciated as secretary and presented to him in behalf of the school a beautiful pocket compass.

Mr. Glendale and Hope walked often round and round the long decks of the *United States*. Sometimes their conversation was of the sea, sometimes it was of literature, sometimes it was of Hope's career as poet and novelist, but oftenest it was of Arnold. The great editor had been taken into his son's confidence regarding religious perplexities, and his heart was aching for both Arnold and

Hope. Mature of mind and well-established in faith, he was able to understand the thought of both the young man and the young woman, and he saw how extremely serious the situation was.

"What shall I say? What shall I do?" asked Hope. "How can I leave this dear man Christless and Godless?"

"Probably you had better *say* little. It is not logic that Arnold needs; it is vision. *Say* little and *do* much. Just be yourself, giving everywhere the little ministries that are the natural expression of your gospel. Show him that religion is not something to be believed, but something to be lived. As Jesus was privileged to reveal the Father, so Christians to-day are honored with the power to reveal their Master. The skeptic resists a religion of creeds, but is won by a religion of deeds."

There were interesting fellow-passengers. A pair of newly-married lovers, he a big blond Swede and she a little dark American, tried to give the impression of having had years of wedded life and, failing completely, supplied daily amusement to their sophisticated companions. A highly confident athlete loudly and proudly announced himself champion shuffle-board expert of the steamer, and was sadly humiliated and disgruntled when his honors were taken from him by a slip of a girl named Gladdison.

Perhaps Hope's most thrilling experience was with the passionate Norwegian author, a young

man who aspired to look and write like Henrik Ibsen. On the first day of the voyage he was introduced to her by the editor of the *Torch-Light;* on the second day he presented to her a poem declaring that she was his long-sought affinity; on the third day he threatened to throw Hope, Arnold and himself into the deep blue sea; on the fourth day he produced another poem in which he expressed his determination to devote his entire future existence to revering "the lost maiden of his dream." The sensitive Hope would have felt seriously disturbed by the incident had not the broken-hearted suitor found, long before the journey ended, another affinity more appreciative and responsive.

The superintendent in absentia found her first opportunity for serving the school at home in answering the steamer letters. Into the matter she put much thought, for she knew that the tactful word to each of her Bellingham associates would count for much. She did not write "The ocean is grand; wish you were here" on each of a hundred postcards and call her duty done. Her messages were brief, of course, but each one had an individual touch, so that the recipient knew that there had been for him a special thought in the mind of the travelling superintendent. To Fred Cole she said, "Be sure to have all the Alerts present every Sunday so that your glorious class record will be maintained." To Mrs. Alicia Grunger she wrote,

"I hope that your rheumatism is much better, and that nothing will prevent you from getting to church and Church school every week." What she wrote to Roger and Elizabeth and Roger, Jr., was very long and intimate, and when it was received it made her substitute exclaim, "Now, isn't she a brick from America's supreme brickyard!" His wife assented and Roger, Jr., looked as though he entirely agreed. The letter to Richard Battersby, now seldom called "The Frog" by even the most thoughtless companions, was written with deep feeling, for that young man had given her a rhymed message that Mr. Glendale declared was "almost a poem" and "in some sections real literature."

Hope was known to all the children of the steerage, and indeed to their elders, as "The Glad Lady," a title recognizing both her name and her disposition, and first bestowed by little Thelma of the broken arm. At the journey's end, her humble acquaintances bade her an affectionate farewell, hoping to meet her often in Denmark, and promising to seek her out when they returned to America. Arnold recalled a text containing the words, "Unto the least of these."

From Copenhagen there was much to write to the friends at the Good Tidings Church school. By the beauty of this city, its wide streets, its artistic houses, its noble public buildings, its general appearance of prosperity and scrupulous cleanli-

ness, Hope was so impressed that her delight was revealed in every letter. To one class she wrote of the charming little street cars with beautiful windows and dainty curtains; to another she told of Tivoli, the great amusement park in the very center of the city; to another she described the picture shops, in charge of flaxen-haired maidens who curtsied after every payment; to the teachers assembled for their monthly conference she revealed something of her dawning apprehension and appreciation of Thorwaldsen, known to every true son of Scandinavia as the master sculptor of the world. So the superintendent made it manifest that though her school was out of sight it was not out of mind, and, in spite of her distance, kept herself near in the thought of old and young.

Soon after her arrival reports from home began to appear and they continued throughout her entire visit. She knew what the school attendance was every Sunday, knew what the offering was, knew about the between-Sunday activities of the different classes, knew what members were ill, knew what engagements were announced. That made it possible for her to write letters that were to the point, a portion of each day being set aside conscientiously for her correspondence. It is safe to say that the prestige of Hope Victoria was not lessened by her absence from Bellingham, but was established more firmly than ever.

The travelling superintendent did not give the

impression that she feared her school would fall to pieces; indeed, she managed to convey the fact that she had full confidence in the devotion and good sense of her associates. What her letters did accomplish was to emphasize that she was just as keenly interested in everybody and everything as though she were at her usual post. Besides all her messages to individuals and classes there was a weekly salutation to the entire school, very brief but always full of enthusiasm and inspiration.

Mr. Glendale, familiar with Copenhagen, guided the party with much wisdom. At breakfast in the "Paladshotellet," the morning after their arrival, he said, "Let us not in this case keep the best wine until the last; for I expect you to quaff from the same wonder-cup day after day. I want to take you first to the Thorwaldsen Museum, where you may become acquainted with a great poet in marble and then to the Church of Our Lady, where you may find also a great preacher in marble." He led Mr. and Mrs. Gladdison through the Museum, rejoicing to see them touched by the beauty and sublimity of the statuary, though he knew that there were mysteries there that they never would quite understand. Arnold and Hope followed. The editor standing before "Psyche" suddenly turned and found the girl in tears.

"It hurts me," she exclaimed. "It is too beautiful; it is too exquisite; it cuts my eyes and my heart."

Arnold put his arm about her as if in protection, marvelling that this woman who had won games on the steamer's deck could now tremble and weep at sight of a statue. He was very glad and proud.

At the Museum the words that came to Hope over and over were "Beauty! Beauty! Beauty!" but at the Church of Our Lady, the Vor Frue Kirke, the greater words came, "Love! Love! Love!" Their guide showed them first the twelve figures of the apostles, each with strong individuality expressed in face and form: Peter, eager, impetuous, vacillating; Thomas, thoughtful, intellectual, aspiring for truth; John, receptive, affectionate, fit for devotion. Hope felt that she must return often to give minute study to each of these statues. Then, at last, Mr. Glendale said, "Now it is time to look at the masterpiece," and he led them to the front of the cathedral and, himself overwhelmed, stood silent before "The Blessing Christ."

"Christus Consolator!" Mr. and Mrs. Gladdison, arm in arm, glanced up occasionally at the gracious face, but for the most part stood with bowed heads. Arnold looked like a man entranced. Hope trembled, but now she did not weep. Feeling was too intense for tears. "Love! Love! Love!" One must stand very close to the Thorwaldsen Christ to catch its full expression. The girl advanced until she could almost touch the

hem of the garment, until the outstretched hands seemed to give her individual benediction, and, looking up, she thought a tender smile was on the face of the Master.

"He went about doing good," she whispered. "Is Christ like that?" she wondered. "Is God like that?" "Love! Love! Love!"

At the rear of the church, Arnold and Hope turned and looked back at the distant figure.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"Think!" he exclaimed. "This is no place to think. It's when I think that I lose you—and everything." Then he added, "There is this great difference between you and me; you stand near the Christ, and in your eyes he is clear and glorious; but I am at a distance, as we are now, and other figures blur the impression, and all the atmosphere seems heavy and dark."

"Man," she said, giving him one of her favorite terms, "Man, I feel that you are not far from the heart of Christ."

Every day after that Hope visited the Church of Our Lady, sometimes with her friends, sometimes alone. Her great desire was that through her experience in the Danish capital she might catch more fully the spirit of "The Blessing Christ" and make her life like his.

It was to be expected that this enthusiastic American superintendent would visit the Danish Church schools and fraternize with their manag-

ers. She found Lutheran schools for the most part, with ideals and methods decidedly different from those with which she was familiar, and with lessons dealing mostly with the doctrines and ritual of the Church, but everywhere she learned something and everywhere she was charmed by the little blond children whose eyes seemed sometimes like bits of blue sky and at other times like gleaming stars. Hope knew little of Danish and her hosts knew little of English, but in German they found a common language. They liked her stories and her descriptions of American churches and Church schools, and in return they gave her most fascinating material for some of her letters to Good Tidings.

Arnold in Copenhagen was in constant association with Professor Hendrickson, quiet and sarcastic skeptic, and heard his frequent cock-sure assumptions that the universe was but the result of "a mere fortuitous concourse of atoms" and men were but puppets, accidental inhabitants of an accidental earth, and destined to quick extinction. Was the scientist right after all? Was he the seer or was he rather the blind man? Was he magnifying out of all proportion his own little fraction of truth? Arnold could not meet his logic. But often in the early morning and at other seasons of intuition he would see the face of "The Blessing Christ,"* and would question whether a

* See frontispiece of the present volume.

soul like that of the Galilean could be but the result of unusual chemical combinations. And Hope, Hope who was the incarnation of his ideals—was she the creature of a moment, living and laboring for naught?

The girl had become persuaded of the futility of argument, but she prayed earnestly that her lover might come to the light. And she had faith, so that now she was not as distracted as she had been when he first acknowledged his doubts. She wrote stories in Copenhagen, the best, Mr. Glendale said, that she had produced. She composed poems that revealed a developing technique and a deepening grasp on life. Withal she found time to visit people who were in need, a few who were in need of relief, many who were in need of friendship and comfort; for even in a far foreign land the disciple of Christ will discover that doors are opening and hands are outstretched for ministry.

Six months passed and it was nearly time to turn faces toward the dear homeland.

"Hope," said Arnold, as they were returning from one of her errands of good cheer, "Hope, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!"

The girl started with swelling heart. "Why, Man," she said, "it is a long time since we have had one of our discussions. What have I said now to bring this joy?"

"You have said nothing, dear," he replied. "I think no words could convince me. Yet it is true

that 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'" She did not entirely comprehend his meaning; but he was thinking of one who said, "Feed my lambs."

Going home! Going to the Church of Good Tidings! Going to her Church school! Hope was ready. All through the months she had kept up her correspondence with the workers in Bellingham. How loyal they had been during her absence and how faithful in their letters! Perhaps it was partly because they were to write to the superintendent in absentia that they were determined to have something worth while to report. Now they insisted that her school needed her. She knew that she needed her school. Dr. Goodspeed! Deacon Carrington! Roger! Elizabeth! She thought of a hundred dear friends, old and young. Yes, it was time to go.

Arnold's work was finished, tickets were bought, farewells were said to most of the Danish friends. It was the day before the departure. Hope longed for sanctuary, and early in the short afternoon she sought the Church of Our Lady. Dearly prizing Copenhagen, she regretted most of all to leave this edifice, made sacred by the statue that more than anything else made her loving Master real and vital and magnetic. This must be her final communion. Up the long aisle she went, not noticing in the shadow that another person was sitting near

the front. She drew very near "The Blessing Christ." A great peace filled her heart. She knelt and looked up at the face, which seemed to smile at her with deep understanding, with tender compassion, with loving invitation. Very softly she sang,

"O Master, let me walk with thee,
In lowly paths of service free."

There were steps behind her, steps of a strong man approaching slowly and tremblingly. It was not necessary for her to turn. Something told her the truth.

"Arnold!" she said.

"Hope!" In a moment she was sobbing in his arms.

"Hope," he said, "is that what your religion means to you? Is that what Jesus means to you?"

"Yes, Jesus means to me the supreme love in a human heart and he reveals to me the supreme love in the Father's heart."

"Sing it again, dear," he asked with deep yearning."

Her voice was very sweet:

"O Master, let me walk with thee."

But now her voice was not alone. Mingled with it was a tender, rich bass. Together they sank to

their knees before the " Christus Consolator " and from hearts united in love and gladness, they sang,

" O Master, let me walk with thee,
In lowly paths of service free.
Tell me thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay
And guide them in the homeward way."

XIV

EVERYBODY'S WEDDING

APPLE blossoms in Bellingham reach their supreme glory during the first week in June. Hope and Arnold were married on Wednesday, the fifth, married in such a place, amid such decorations, and with such a company as no couple in those parts ever before had known. Half inclined to insist upon a "quiet home wedding," they yielded to the recognized desire of the entire community and announced that whosoever would might come. No church could contain the entire population of Bellingham; so the ceremony was performed in the great out-of-doors, beloved by both the bride and the groom.

The Gladdison orchard, one of the largest and best in the county, stood at the foot of a hillside meadow, ample enough to give standing room for thousands of people. That orchard was for Hope a place of dear memories. There in her hammock she had thought out many of the plans that had made her Church school one of the most efficient in the country. There she had written some of her sweetest poems and most captivating tales. There, on a midsummer night years before, she

had pledged her life to Arnold Glendale. And there, during those weary months when no tidings came from the Arctic wanderers, she had gone for secret prayer and had been assured that her lover still lived.

At the edge of the orchard, which was like a pink and white fairyland, a great bower of solid apple blossoms had been built, and there, in the presence of a throng of old and young, rich and poor, great and small, Hope and Arnold plighted their troths.

The year following the return from Copenhagen had been one of broadening vision and rich, joyous experience. Hope's new novel, dealing with experiments in applied Christianity made by a young woman of wealth and culture, was received enthusiastically by both the critics and the book-buying public—so much so that Mr. Glendale professed jealousy because his protégé had outstripped him in fame and popularity. Some of her poems, based on her Atlantic and Scandinavian experiences, were superior in insight and beauty to any of her previous productions. She studied and wrote with increasing delight.

Arnold, though travelling much under the direction of scientific societies, managed to spend a good deal of time in Bellingham and to make vital contributions to the life of the community. He was an enthusiast about boys. He loved them and they loved him, partly because he avoided the

common mistake of forgetting how the world seems to an adolescent youngster.

"He's a Jim-dandy for hikes," declared Bob Hartford.

As a matter of fact, he was intent on so grounding the lads of Bellingham in a sane religion that when they came to learn the facts of science they would escape any such spiritual chaos as he himself had passed through. Out of his fund of information, he was able so to interpret the rocks, the flowers, the birds, of the local district that his young friends were led "through Nature up to Nature's God." In their minds he developed a genuine enthusiasm for that boy of Nazareth who "increased in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man." Leading their games, he stood for a spirit of honor, sportsmanship and good-will that in later life would make for justice in business and fair-play in all the relations of life.

The boys, for some reason got to calling him "Lord Arnold." They did not want to call him "Mister" and they could not quite bring themselves to call him familiarly by his first name. They liked "Lord Arnold," which in their minds implied both respect and affection.

Sometimes some young fellow would stand for a long while silent before a little statue that Arnold had always on the corner of his mantel.

"What do you think of it?" his host would ask.

" I don't know what to think, but somehow it just *gets* me."

Then Arnold would reply, " Please think about it a great deal, for it is a miniature of Thorwaldsen's ' Blessing Christ,' one of the world's greatest masterpieces, and it represents the strongest and at the same time the most tender man who ever trod the earth."

The boys would receive such teaching from " Lord Arnold " with thoughtfulness and joy, whereas they might have turned resentfully from any formal attempt to " convert " them. They shared in their friend's liking for a phrase from Jean Paul Richter: " The holiest among the mighty and the mightiest among the holy."

Hope found waiting for her a Church school that during her absence had not only held its own but had actually gained in numbers and efficiency. Roger Allison, never failing to impress the facts that he was only a substitute and that he was dutifully trying to carry out the ideas of his absent chief, had been faithful and competent, while she, as " superintendent in absentia," had done much by correspondence to inspire officers, teachers and pupils " to do their best and to make their best better and better." There seemed to be in Hope's name, as Roger used it, some magic to hold everyone to loyalty. " Remember," he would say, " Miss Gladdison is coming and she will expect to hear that the ' Young Bereans ' have kept up

their wonderful record for attendance and that the 'Live Wires' have not fallen asleep."

The welcome at the railroad station was unique in the history of Bellingham. It was something akin to what might be given by the student body of a modern college to a returning football hero; or akin to what might be given by an American village to one of its citizens nominated for a governorship. The loyal school of the Good Tidings church was on hand with a hundred-per-cent attendance and, as a matter of fact, most of the members of all the other Bellingham schools were there to express their interdenominational goodwill. When the train pulled in there was singing of "Welcome, Welcome," and "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and there was great waving of flags —class banners, Christian flags and Old Glory. Somebody called for cheers and there was a joyous shouting, in which the passengers on the train, peering out and only dimly understanding the honor that was being shown their attractive companion, heartily shared.

Hope tried to greet everybody. Both hands were nearly shaken off before her father and mother, who had shared her welcome, at last got her into the automobile. Radiant, she cried, "I'm just as glad to see you all as you possibly can be to see me! You make me so happy to get home that I never shall want to go away again!"

"You're never going again," shouted Deacon

Carrington and the children took up the cry, "Never again! Never again!"

As Dr. Goodspeed walked away from the station, he turned a little sadly to the deacon and said, "What did you mean by saying that Hope never was to leave Bellingham? Don't you expect that there will be an important wedding before very long?"

"O, I suppose so," the Deacon admitted. "I suppose my wish was ancestor to my thought. We can't expect to keep her. But let's make the most we can of her during the months that she does stay here."

So it became generally accepted that the superintendency of Hope Victoria was nearing its end. Arnold made no secret of the fact that he looked forward to an early wedding. "Where are you going to live?" he was often asked, and he invariably replied, "Ask the Scientific Association." Bellingham guessed that Washington would be the place.

The presence of the pastors of the other churches and their Church school workers when Hope's train pulled into Bellingham indicated a friendly inter-Church feeling, something that had not always existed in that beautiful village. It was prophetic of the development of the next few months. Hope, with the loyal support of church trustees, officers, teachers, and parents, guided the school at the Church of Good Tidings to larger and

larger accomplishments; also, with liberal spirit, she reached out for service to the other schools of Bellingham. Already they had benefited much by the example that she had set. Now they came, frankly saying that they wished to increase their efforts and modify their methods.

"All right," Hope said to Dr. Russell, pastor of St. Paul's church, "we'll have a Bellingham Council of Religious Education." Mr. Bendergast pushed the project in the columns of the *Banner,* declaring it to be a radical step toward common-sense in community life. An organization was formed, with Hope as guiding spirit, a teacher training class was developed, regular meetings were held for the discussion of problems common to all the schools, Dr. Hollymore and other keen-minded speakers were secured for occasional lectures. The result was, not that Good Tidings lost anything by sharing its superintendent, but that, in common with the other schools, it gained through intelligent, Christian co-operation.

In former days Hope had often gone visiting that she might learn how work was carried on in successful schools. Now her own school, having become famous in all the country roundabout was the mecca for inquiring and progressive leaders. There was hardly a Sunday that some party, either from Bellingham, or from some neighboring town, did not come to inspect the splendid plant and equipment at Good Tidings, and to study the

latest plans in religious education. Quite naturally a county association became a potent factor in the religious life of the section, people of the district getting acquainted, exchanging ideas, joining forces. Hope, its president, spoke at many meetings. So her influence was multiplied and scattered.

Then Mr. Bendergast said something to Mr. Glendale that led to important undertakings. "You are editor of the *Torch-Light*. Why don't you print a series of articles on religious education? There is no subject in regard to which the American public more needs an awakening. As you have almost in your own family a girl who is at once a Church school enthusiast and a literary genius, it would not be difficult for you to find the writer."

"Capital!" exclaimed the editor, "it shall be done." Such was the genesis of that remarkable series of papers on "The Wrongs and the Rights of the Twentieth Century Child," which was published in the *Torch-Light*, reprinted in many other periodicals and discussed throughout the land. Hope put her best into the work, aglow with moral indignation because of the prevalent neglect of most sacred duties, and fired by the knowledge of her own opportunity. People read the articles in the first place because they were signed by Hope Victoria Gladdison, the famous poet and novelist; then they re-read them because they presented

vital facts with unmistakable logic. Their scope was much broader than Mr. Glendale at first anticipated, as they dealt with the child not only in the church but in the home, in the school, and in the other relationships of life. When she came to discuss religious education, Hope had the advantage of having shown that she was no woman of a single idea and also that of speaking, not as a mere theorist, but as a superintendent standing every Sunday in the presence of an actual school.

Along in April people began to talk about a farewell reception for their departing superintendent. Their faces were about as cheerful as those of the Hebrews prostrate before the "Wailing Wall" in Jerusalem. Alicia Grunger sobbed outright whenever the subject was mentioned. "Of course that Arnold man's a big bug," she would say, "an' I ain't nobody at all, but jest the same I do rebbel 'ginst his takin' her 'way off out o' the bounds o' civilization!"

Hope quickly vetoed the project of any formal farewell. "I couldn't stand anything funereal in connection with my wedding," she said, "but if you want to have a happy little party to rejoice over what we have done together in the last few years, I shall be glad."

The "little party," held in May, was a very large one. All the folks who had gathered at the railway station when Hope returned from abroad were there and they brought their relatives with

them. Every room in the church was crowded, and so was the spacious lawn. "Let's have a very simple and jolly affair," Hope had urged, but she was touched by the manifestations of good-will from old and young. The Church school classes took advantage of the occasion to present their wedding gifts, and not even the kindergarten children failed to express their love. One of the most prized offerings was an original poem (real poetry this time in the judgment of Mr. Glendale) written by the former "Frog," now the respected Richard Battersby. It was entitled "Wherever," and, with perfect rhyme and meter and in beautiful figures, it expressed the intention of the people of Bellingham to claim Hope as permanently their own in spite of her physical location.

Dr. Goodspeed's tribute was touching for its simplicity and its expression of deep gratitude and abiding affection. He frankly said that the most significant feature of his pastorate in Bellingham was the development of the Church school, due to the vision and the vigor of the young superintendent; and he listed some of the more obvious accomplishments: the awakening of the minister to the importance of religious education, the conversion of the church trustees, the winning of parents, the deeper consecration of officers and teachers, the introduction of business spirit into administration, the rebuilding and refurnishing of the Sunday school rooms, the development of

fascinating and worshipful opening and closing services, the enlistment of all members in missionary and philanthropic support, the elimination of the sense of caste and class, the proper relating of the school to the other schools of the community and district.

"And all this," he testified, "has led to a spirit of joyous, Christian discipleship by which not only the whole school but the whole church is blessed."

The fifth of June was one of those "perfect days" of which the poet justly sings. Not even in Italy could skies have been bluer, air sweeter or breezes softer. Children at their play chanted, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," and their words were true.

By three o'clock, an hour before the ceremony, the hillside was covered with people, and long before the wedding every inch of space was taken, men stood on the walls around the meadow and boys crowded the trees in the back lots. Probably Hope did not understand how far the announcement that whosoever would might come was to be heralded. Not only was all of Bellingham there, but admirers and friends from all over the country came in private cars and public busses. "Why, it's *everybody's* wedding," exclaimed Fred Cole, and that is what Mr. Bendergast called it when he wrote his account for the *Banner.*

No trees could have been fuller of radiant beauty than were those of the Gladdison orchard

—it was as if they had decked themselves especially to share in the joy day of their beloved companion. And no birds could have sung with more thrilling ecstasy than did the aerial lovers who swarmed to attend the marriage.

Mrs. Gladdison, Mr. Glendale and other relatives took the places ribboned off for them, and at precisely four o'clock the Church school orchestra, concealed in the orchard, commenced the wedding march. From the trees at the north came the officiating clergymen, President Ransom and Dr. Goodspeed, both gowned and dignified, but both beaming with good-will. When they had taken their positions beneath the floral bower, Arnold, tall, straight, clear-eyed, fit to be a groom, followed with Roger Allison, his best man, the Ransom boys and the other ushers.

And then came Hope! A great wave of loving thought greeted her, as, on the arm of her father, she stepped forth from the trees at the south. How slight she seemed in her bridal veil! And yet how queenly! And how beautiful! Still, "beautiful" did not seem to be the adequate word. How *normal!* That was it. "Young American womanhood at its best"—that was the phrase that Dr. Ransom afterward used.

Her path had been strewn with flowers, and she and her companions seemed to blend with perfect harmony into the picture. Nor did the fact that her most honored attendant was a young matron

on crutches mar for anyone in Bellingham the beauty and dignity of the group.

Dr. Goodspeed spoke a few very earnest words to the man who was to receive the best gift that the village had to bestow and a few others to the woman who had come to the day of her crowning joy, spoke simply, yet with the power of a man known to be deeply moved. Dr. Ransom received the troths. Mr. Gladdison silently but proudly gave his daughter to be married. Dr. Goodspeed conducted the double ring service and declared the couple husband and wife. Dr. Ransom offered a prayer, eloquent with its expression of tender affection and ardent hope for the two who had looked in each other's eyes, acknowledged each other, consecrated themselves to each other. It was a very simple service, yet the judgment was everywhere heard, " The most impressive I ever have known." The bride and groom looked as though they understood the seriousness as well as the joy of the occasion, and when they gave their troths their voices were vibrant with firm intent.

The reception followed immediately and in the same place. It was orderly but it was not oppressively formal. Men, women and children came forward with shining faces to grasp the hands of " Mr. and Mrs. Glendale "—as Dr. Goodspeed had introduced them. If Hope ever had had any doubts that she was beloved in her own community, she could have had none after that day.

There is something exceedingly touching when mature people, being at the point of tears, are bravely jocular. Old and young that day laughed in a perfectly unsuccessful effort to conceal their deep emotion. "We don't want you to leave us,"—

"What do you s'pose all them yaller papers is?" Alicia Grunger asked.

"O, probably they're telegrams of congratulation from Arnold's friends and college mates," Mrs. Burnham explained. The guess was right in most cases; yet during the reception Arnold received one message that seemed to interest him more than all the others. He showed it at once to Hope and she seemed overjoyed; indeed that was the one moment when she appeared in danger of collapse. Mr. and Mrs. Gladdison read it and they beamed. Mr. Glendale read it and threw his arms around the bride and groom and kissed them both.

"What can it be?" Mrs. Carrington expressed the general curiosity.

"Well," replied the Deacon, "you'd think that Arnold had fallen heir to a billion dollars."

The departing couple made no genuine effort to escape the usual showers of confetti. They enjoyed the good fun as much as anybody; but they were the most pleased when little Gladys Sanborn, golden-haired glory of the kindergarten, threw an

" old shoe " made especially for the occasion, a shoe that was nearly as big as the wee girl herself.

Every good story ends with a climax; so shall it be with this tale of the leadership of Hope Victoria. When Arnold and his bride had gone, a reaction came and it seemed as if the entire company was about to weep. " Looks as if there was going to be a shower," laughed Deacon Carrington; but his own eyes were dim.

Then Mr. Gladdison asked for attention. The telegram was in his hand.

" Dear friends all," he said, " I am quite certain that I am about to add something to the pleasure of the day. You have been kind enough to express many times your affection for my daughter and her husband, and you have said that you were sorry that they must leave this community. You will share, I am certain, something of the joy that Mrs. Gladdison and I are feeling over the contents of this telegram. The young people, while they have not felt free to confide the fact to anyone outside of the family circle, have hoped that, after all, it might not be necessary for them to live at a distance. Not until to-day, after the wedding, was the matter certain. This message, however, gives Arnold an appointment as a special scientific investigator and writer, and his work will be such that most of his time can be spent in Bellingham as well as anywhere else. So, dear friends, you will have this young couple as

your neighbors and fellow-citizens; and the Church school at Good Tidings, instead of losing its superintendent, may retain her if it desires, and not only that but may add as teacher a young man who seems to have some genius with boys."

At first there was complete silence. Everyone seemed stunned. Billy Buxton of the "Live Wires" was the first to recover. He let out such a mighty yell as seemed impossible from so small a boy and then he turned a double handspring. His classmates followed his example. The girls and the old folks acted as if they would like to.

Deacon Carrington, quite forgetting the traditional dignity of his office, shouted, "Three cheers, everybody!" They were given, and then more cheers and then more cheers. Hands were shaken right and left.

Dr. Goodspeed got hold of the hand of Mrs. Roberts. "You were on that original nominating committee! And, do you know, there hasn't been one moment since Hope was installed that we haven't been haunted with the idea that she was going to marry somebody and leave us!"

"I know it! I know it!" sobbed the good lady.

Then a most extraordinary thing happened. Mr. Bendergast, Mr. Bendergast, the most masculine of men, Mr. Bendergast the cynic, Mr. Bendergast the emotionless, covered his face with his handkerchief.

"Why, what are *you* crying about?" Roger Allison asked, giving him a most unseemly slap on his editorial back.

"Hope isn't going, Hope isn't going," he exclaimed.

"Well," Roger replied, "let's not be quite so heart-broken about it."

Dr. Goodspeed at last held up his hand.

"Friends," he said, "a few minutes ago I hurrahed with you and I was glad to do so. Now I'm going to ask you to *sing* with me. All together now; let's sing 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.'"

They sang it, sang it as they never had before, sang it as though the blue skies of Bellingham must be shaken. Then they went quietly to their homes inspired with the conviction and the resolution that the next era in the spiritual life of their community must be even better than the last.

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